

October 25 cents

The American Mercury



THE AMERICAN LEGION TAKES ORDERS

By Milton S. Mayer

America Faces Europe's War	<i>An Editorial</i>
Stalin, Autocrat of All the Russias	<i>Eugene Lyons</i>
Sense and Sensation in Latin America	<i>Nicholas Roosevelt</i>
"Did I Do Wrong?"	<i>Gretta Palmer</i>
Hooch and Homicide in Mississippi	<i>Craddock Goins</i>
Behind the Moscow-Berlin Axis	<i>Max Nomad</i>
Making Fools of Philatelists	<i>Stephen Naft</i>
Are You the Suicide Type?	<i>John H. Cassity, M.D.</i>
Stars Over Broadway	<i>Grenville Vernon</i>
Dictatorship of the Good Cause	<i>R. G. Waldeck</i>
Not Time, But Rhythm. A Story	<i>George W. Willis</i>
Myths About Snakes	<i>Alan Devoe</i>
Molly Pitcher: Hardboiled Heroine	<i>Fairfax Downey</i>
Life Begins at Eighty!	<i>Daniel Carter Beard, Otis Skinner, August Heckscher, Abraham Cahan, and others</i>

WHAT PRICE COLLEGE FOOTBALL?

The Facts and Figures on Professionalism

By JOHN R. TUNIS



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Stewart H. Holbrook

who will be long remembered by *Mercury* readers for his "Elegant Life of the Steel Barons," "The Homestead Murder Case" and "The Steel Strike War," has now combined all the gleanings of his long research into the steel and iron industries into one exciting and glamorous book, **IRON BREW**. (\$2.50)

John J. Whitaker

noted correspondent of the *Chicago News* believed certain results of the Munich Appeasement would be reflected at once in South America. He was assigned to follow his hunch. Result: **AMERICAS TO THE SOUTH**, a factual, up-to-the-minute report on what Nazi and Fascist are doing in Chile, Bolivia, Argentina, Peru and Mexico to undermine our trade and prestige. (\$2.50)

George Soule

long has been recognized as one of the few authors of today who could write colorful, vigorous, entertaining prose about economics. His "Planned Society," "Future of Liberty" and "Coming American Revolution" are bestsellers of several years standing. Mr. Soule maintains that stride in the life story of our most significant labor leader, **SIDNEY HILLMAN: Labor Statesman**. (\$2.50)

All bookstores THE MACMILLAN COMPANY New York

Naomi Jacob

whose novels of Jewish life have given her a wide and enthusiastic audience in America, departs from that special field in her newest story, **THIS PORCELAIN CLAY**. It is of a man who, having amassed a fortune by ruthless methods and married a beautiful and coldly selfish woman as a capstone for his home-furnishing, is altered into a tender lover by the ensuing tragedy. (\$2.50)

Dorothy Whipple

provides a deftly told and thoroughly enjoyable story of an eccentric English family and of how their tangled affairs finally are straightened out in **THE PRIORY**. With subtle humor it touches off some of the social problems and many of the social conventions of today and, says the *New York Times*, "is so refreshing that its 528 pages seem not a word too long." (\$2.50)

Thomasine McGehee

of Montgomery, Ala., is receiving verbal orchids from literary critics across the country for her new novel of Southern plantation life. Laid in the tobacco section, it dodges both the *formula* and the flavor of the usual romantic fiction of the South. Instead there are authentic types, strength, honesty and intelligence, say the critics. **JOURNEY PROUD**. (\$2.50)

All bookstores THE MACMILLAN COMPANY New York

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
XLVIII

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THE CHECK LIST

FICTION

JOURNEY PROUD, by Thomasine McGehee. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Another Southland story with an elongated *dramatis personae* and a protracted family history. The Negroes are drawn with more verisimilitude than is customary for the crinoline and cornbread trade.

THE OWNLEY INN, by Joseph C. Lincoln and Freeman Lincoln. \$2.50. *Coward-McCann*. The Lincolns, *père et fils*, write the forty-something best-seller of the clan. A valuable book is stolen from the Knowlton Library. Dick Clarke, under suspicion, goes to the Ownley Inn on Sepatank Island and there things happen: hurricane, high floods, high excitement. Everybody's happy when the waters subside and there's a wedding.

ASLEEP IN THE AFTERNOON, by E. C. Large. \$2.50. *Henry Holt*. Rambling English novel about a novel, so choked with whimwham that locating the really bright passages becomes a dusty exploring job. An invention which is able to insure blithesome sleep is the peg for the tale.

MR. KLEIN'S KAMPF, or His Life as Hitler's Double, by H. Allen Smith. \$1.50. *Stackpole*. A spanking idea for a frisky short is turned into a fustian fable about the Fussock of Fylfot which goes on and on long after its possibilities have been exhausted. Droll, early Broadwayese.

MURDER'S COMING, by Donald Clough Cameron. \$2.00. *Henry Holt*. Good yarn, which wastes no time getting going and leads to a credible wind-up. Dialogue okay, and the labor angle is diverting.

WHO KILLED AUNT MAGGIE? by Medora Field. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Murder with a southern accent: old plantation man-

sion, secret chamber, heavy rainstorm, and uninvited guests. First person slows it up.

MISCELLANEOUS

MAN AGAINST MICROBE, by Joseph W. Bigger. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Competent account of the methods and achievements of microbiology. Fewer pyrotechnics and less drama than the *Microbe Hunters* of Dr. De Kruif, but the substance seems more solid.

THE POISON TRAIL, by William F. Boos. \$3.00. *Hale, Cushman, & Flint*. A leading toxicologist takes the reader for an entertaining jaunt through the mazes of murder, mystery, and passion as affected by poison.

OUR TOWN'S BUSINESS, by Omar and Ryllis Goslin. \$3.50. *Funk & Wagnalls*. Large-type, short talk, and excellent graphs dealing with the wheels and whirls of American business.

A HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA. The Spanish Period, by Charles Edward Chapman. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. Mr. Chapman has scoured the sources and written a lively account of the Spanish period, but his approach makes too many concessions to the timid spinster reader. In discussing the Indians of the period the writer squeamishly exclaims, "Over some of their other private customs it is perhaps best to draw a veil!"

A HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA. The American Period, by Robert Glass Cleland. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. Dr. Cleland's concern is with the broad historic forces that shaped California after the Spanish lost control to the Americans. Less loaded with irrelevant minutiae than the companion volume by Dr. Chapman, this book draws a more comprehensible pattern of the whole.

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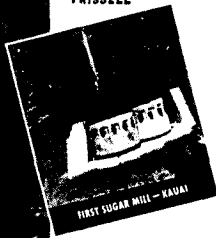
Hawaii

Each island

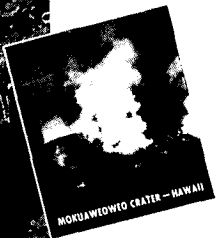
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Of course, to make up your mind about Hawaii, you should have complete information, (our pictorial booklet, "Nani O Hawaii," sailing schedule of palatial liners from Los Angeles, San Francisco and Vancouver, B. C., and costs), and so we suggest you consult your Travel Agent who is an authority for the facts which are essential to an essential understanding of Hawaii.

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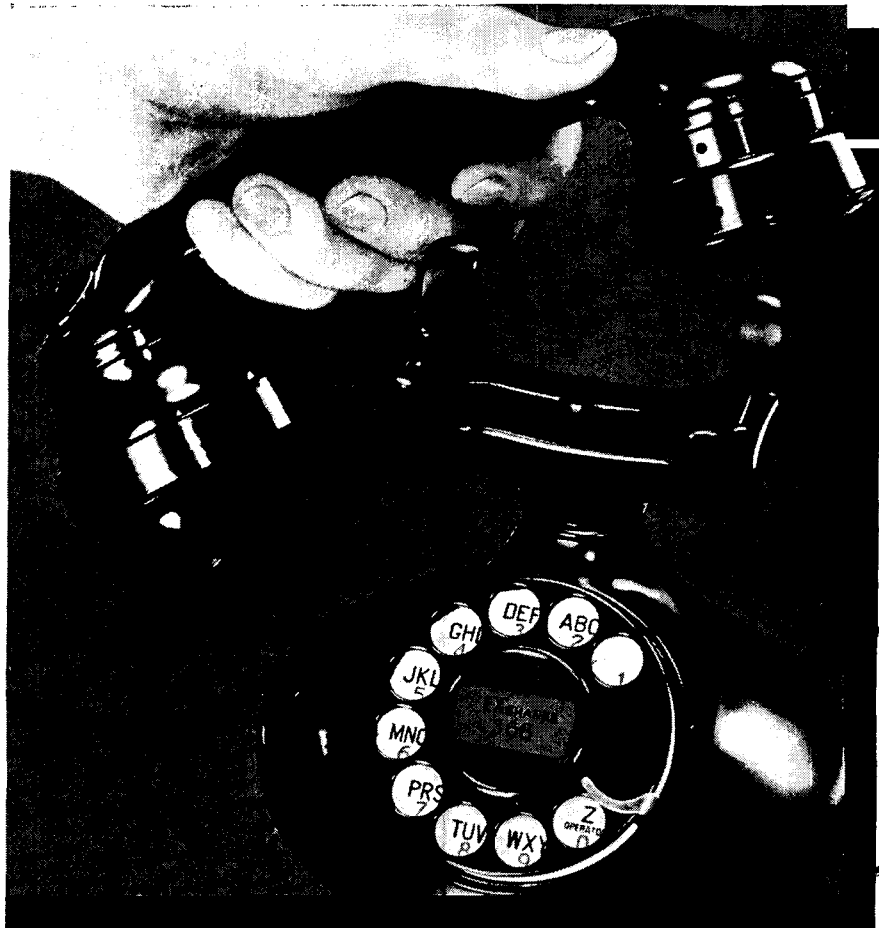
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The American MERCURY

WHAT PRICE COLLEGE FOOTBALL?

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

INTERCOLLEGIATE football, by tradition and history the great American amateur sport, has long been corrupted by a vicious professionalism. In the seventy years of its existence, football has made liars out of college presidents, chisellers out of athletic directors, professional sports promoters out of head coaches, and bums out of "amateur" players.

These things are certainly no great secret in the year 1939. Everyone knows them. They must be perfectly familiar to you as a college alumnus or as a reader of sports pages. But the charge has been made by Major John L. Griffith, Commissioner of the Big Ten and the G-Man of intercollegiate athletics, that "those who have indicted college football invariably

fail to name the institutions that have allegedly adopted illegal practices, have practised hypocrisy, and been animated by the lust for profits." Herein we name those institutions — and others. More than that. Following are complete line-ups with names, numbers, and salaries of all players, based on their written and signed statements.¹

To begin with, some concrete facts about the money in the game will indicate why big-time college athletics today is big business. It is generally known that the season's "take" for an active football team is extremely high. But here is something never before published. It's the detailed budget of a great football university affiliated with the Big Ten:

¹ On file in THE AMERICAN MERCURY offices.

Administration: Salaries for the athletic director, graduate manager, business manager, ticket clerks, secretaries, and emergency help during season. . . . \$18,000

Administration Costs: Lining-up schedule, printing, postage, insurance. . . . 7,000

Salary: Team physician, hospital expenses. . . . 2,500

Interest payments: On athletic plant, etc. . . . 85,000

Publicity Man: And supplies, etc. . . . \$8,000

Coaching: Head coach, six assistant coaches. . . . 22,500

Maintenance: Wages of custodian and watchman for stadium. (Usually football stars.) Maintenance of athletic field and stadium, light, power, repairs, alterations, preliminary and clean-up expenses after games, insurance on athletic plants, etc. . . . 25,500

Uniforms: 2 uniforms for varsity squad with sweaters, at \$75 each; laundering same, other equipment. . . . 13,000

Three trips for big games out of town. . . . 9,000

Pre-school Camp: Training camp, meals, etc. . . . 5,000

Fees: For game officials. . . . 2,000

Printing tickets: Also wages for ticket takers, sellers, ushers, police, etc. . . . 12,000

Scouting: Also movies of rival teams. . . . 2,500

Total. . . . \$212,000

And here are the pickings of a head coach in the Big Ten:

Salary as Football Coach. . . . \$8,200

Salary as vice-president of local cleaning company. . . . 5,000

Salary as Professor of Physical Education. . . . 2,000

Income from publicity, lectures, etc. . . . 3,000

Income from writings, articles in magazines, etc. . . . 3,800

Royalties for indorsements, pictures, etc. . . . 1,500

Total. . . . \$23,500

And now let's list for Major Griffith those institutions "animated by the lust for profit." To obtain this information the writer traveled about 8000 miles, visited almost one hundred colleges and universities (many more than once), and talked to presidents, deans, business managers, athletic directors, alumni secretaries, coaches, assistant coaches, students, and, most important of all, to dozens of the athletes concerned.

It wasn't possible, of course, to visit all of the 1500 colleges and universities in the country, and it wasn't necessary. When you have gone to institution after institution in each group and found them following the same pattern in obtaining football material, and paying the same prices, you don't need to go farther. When you know that Michigan, Pittsburgh, Notre Dame, Dartmouth, California, and Northwestern all have the same philoso-

phy of recruiting, you have a fairly good sample of the group. Especially when boys in these places have received identical offers from Detroit, Wisconsin, San Francisco, Duquesne, and others on the list.

The terms "amateur" and "professional" mean nothing in inter-collegiate football today. But there is one group of colleges chiefly interested in the main purposes of education. They do not mix up in the sports procession; some don't even play football. Here they are; to any unavoidably overlooked, our apologies:

GROUP ONE

ALFRED	LOYOLA (<i>Chi.</i>)
ALLEGHENY	LYNCHBURG
ANTIOCH	MASSACHUSETTS
BELOIT	INSTITUTE OF
BEREA	TECHNOLOGY
BOWDOIN	MIDDLEBURY
BROWN	OCCIDENTAL
BRIDGEWATER	OLIVET
CALIFORNIA TECH	NEWARK
CARLETON	POMONA
CHICAGO	REED
CLARK (<i>Mass.</i>)	RENSSELAER TECH
COLBY	ROCHESTER
COLORADO COLLEGE	ST. JOHNS (<i>Md.</i>)
DENNISON	SWARTHMORE
DE PAUL (<i>Chi.</i>)	STEVENS TECH
EMORY	TRINITY
GETTYSBURG	TUFTS
HAMILTON	UNION
HAVERFORD	URSINUS
HOBART	WAYNE
JOHNS HOPKINS	WESLEYAN (<i>Conn.</i>)
KNOX	WESLEYAN (<i>Ky.</i>)
LEHIGH	WESTMINSTER

WILLIAMS

Then come the colleges in which a majority of the eleven are not paid, either openly or covertly, but where one or two key men are helped through, often — though not invariably — by the alumni. The president usually knows this, but the chief business of college presidents is not to allow the right hand to know what the graduates are doing.

GROUP TWO

BOSTON U.	NEBRASKA
COLUMBIA	NEW YORK U.
COLORADO U.	MINNESOTA
CORNELL	PENNSYLVANIA
HARVARD	PRINCETON
INDIANA	STANFORD
KANSAS	YALE

Then we reach the colleges where many squad-members are assisted in one way or another. Few of those named below actually operate athletic farms, but if a boy is good football material and not up to the entrance exams, a year is usually managed for him at some preparatory school like Dean Academy, Black Foxe, or Kiski. (We have proof that players have been helped through all of these by various college athletic authorities or graduates.)

GROUP THREE

ARIZONA	DETROIT
BOSTON COLLEGE	DARTMOUTH
CARNEGIE TECH	DUQUESNE
CALIFORNIA	FORDHAM
COLGATE	GEORGETOWN

HOLY CROSS	PITTSBURGH
IDAHO	PURDUE
MARQUETTE	ST. MARY'S
MICHIGAN	SANTA CLARA
MICHIGAN STATE	SAN FRANCISCO
MANHATTAN	SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
NOTRE DAME	TEXAS MINES
NORTHWESTERN	U. OF CALIFORNIA (LA)
OHIO STATE	VILLANOVA
OREGON	WASHINGTON
OKLAHOMA	WEST VIRGINIA
WISCONSIN	

And finally here are the colleges where the profit motive is important, sometimes decisive. Their teams usually admit it, instead of pretending, as the others do, that Money Is Not All. Most of them have "athletic scholarships," a formula covering financial assistance to football stars. The Southwest Conference limits payments to \$50 a month, but the limit is highly elastic and there is no evidence that the colleges named keep to the rules — any rule. The other conferences listed apparently set no limit to the ante, and the boys shop around. The physical director of a Western woman's college has received letters from boys asking what her school does for athletes!

GROUP FOUR

Southeastern Conference

ALABAMA	LOUISIANA STATE
ALABAMA TECH	MISSISSIPPI
FLORIDA	MISSISSIPPI STATE
GEORGIA	TENNESSEE
GEORGIA TECH	TULANE
KENTUCKY	U. OF THE SOUTH
VANDERBILT	

Southwest Conference

ARKANSAS	TEXAS
BAYLOR	TEXAS CHRISTIAN
SO. METHODIST	TEXAS A. & M.
RICE	

Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Assn.

CENTER	MERCER
HOWARD	MIAMI
ROLLINS	

Southern Conference

THE CITADEL	RICHMOND
CLEMSON	S. CAROLINA
DAVIDSON	VIRGINIA
DUKE	VMI
FURMAN	VPI
MARYLAND	WAKE FOREST
N. CAROLINA	WASHINGTON AND
N. CAROLINA STATE	LEE

II

We have seen what a big-time football coach can make in a year, an average year at that. There is no secret about the juicy sums a college able to take on teams like Minnesota, Southern California, and Pittsburgh can clean up in a few short weeks each fall. Now it remains to see just what the boys whose work earns all this money — the lads who have to take a beating every Saturday afternoon — receive for their efforts.

In cold cash, these boys get painfully little for what they do and for the physical lickings they absorb. Conversation with subsidized players from Hanover to Los Angeles showed that no one was getting

rich. The highest sums mentioned were \$125 a month and keep (Texas School of Mines), \$100 and keep (West Virginia), and \$90 and keep (Wisconsin). Prestige counts. As a rule the smaller institutions have to dig deepest for good elevens. BRT — Board, Room, Tuition. That's what most colleges give the average halfback. Occasionally the star can wangle more, but seldom in the larger universities. Michigan, California, and Notre Dame don't need to pay high prices. They get all the good material that they want at their own price.

But let's get down to cases. The facts and figures come from the players concerned, attested by signed statements. We might as well begin with a few examples in Group Two and start with Harvard, the oldest institution of learning on the continent.

Here is Rule I, section 2, of the Yale-Harvard-Princeton agreement, which in practice has been shot as full of holes as the Munich Pact:

No student shall represent his university in any athletic team who receives from others than those on whom he is naturally dependent for financial support, money by gift, or loans, or the equivalent of money such as board and lodging. . . .

"Jack H" after being offered board, room, and tuition at Boston College, went to Harvard's assist-

ant athletic director, Henry W. Clark (now at Lafayette). He was told to see the headmaster of Brown and Nichols School at Cambridge where he was accepted without payment, although tuition is \$600 per year. He had no idea who paid this. Entering Harvard, he lived without cost, at the Varsity Club, and waited on table, off and on, all through college, playing freshman and varsity football. Needing cash he was handed \$100 by one of the varsity coaches, to whom he gave his personal note. Several years later he received a dun from the Harvard Loan Fund but ignored it. During the summer he played semi-pro baseball in the Boston Industrial League for \$22.50 weekly, despite Rule 3 of the H.Y.P agreement against summer baseball. His name, as well as that of the captain of the Harvard nine, was in the line-up in the Boston newspapers every morning. He received money from the Student Council and knows several other members of the football squad who did. While he lived at the Varsity Club, six other members, including the captain of the team, lived there rent free. Maybe times have changed since his graduation several years ago, but five of the team who started in the Yale Bowl for Harvard last fall lived in

the Varsity Club, and two in the Weld Boat House!

At Ohio State boys are given jobs around the campus or in the State Highway Department; and Oscar Thomas, assistant to Athletic Director St. John, helps get them into the Co-op Dormitory for poor students. "Jack K," a star schoolboy athlete from Michigan, was sent to Kiski Prep in Pennsylvania by the athletic department of Carnegie Tech, which paid his tuition there. During his stay, Bones Hamilton and Monk Moscrip (later stars at Stanford), Jack Betteridge, Stan Picura, and Buz Wetzel (later of Ohio State), and Harry Montgomery, Olin Yeager, and Bill Moore (later of North Carolina) were all Kiski boys together.

Instead of going to Carnegie Tech, however, Jack decided on Ohio State, where one of the assistant coaches got him work in return for his board and room and suggested he might care to register from Youngstown, instead of from his home. This he did, thus reducing his tuition as an out-of-state resident from \$210 to \$60 yearly. There were at least four men on the team from outside the state who gave Ohio addresses. Last fall Captain-elect Steve Andrako, who lives in North Braddock, a suburb of Pittsburgh, registered from

Trinway, Ohio, and Joe Aleskus, a senior and a native of Pennsylvania, chose Columbus as his home.

We notice as we read the statements that each man solicited is approached by a freshman or assistant coach. There's a reason. In most universities each athlete signs a statement that he has received no compensation for going to college, and in the Big Ten the head coach also certifies "I know of no reason why Mr. ——— should not be eligible to compete in athletics at this time." Obviously if all negotiations are carried on through the freshman coach (Cliff Simpson, UCLA) or the athletic director (Jimmie Hagen, Pittsburgh), the head coach doesn't know about it and can sign with a clear conscience.

III

Usually the authorities take good care not to know what alumni are doing, but one graduate set-up which can hardly go unnoticed by the college administration is that at Hanover. Dartmouth is possibly the only college requiring the confidential opinion of the alumni for admission. Each candidate talks to a group of Dartmouth alumni in his part of the country, and their recommendation is sent along with his school record to Hanover.

Dartmouth graduates being interested in victory, the recent records of the Green football, hockey, and basketball teams are easily explainable. Said "Ray F," a crack linesman:

Did they help me at Hanover? Sure. I was first sent from a New England high school to Dean Academy, all expenses paid. Then a Dartmouth grad arranged for me to see the representative of the Alumni Committee in New England, an executive in a Boston department store. He got me a job in a steel plant my summer before college where I earned \$32 a week. At Hanover I waited on table freshman year and money was sent from Boston to pay my room rent and term bills. I just threw away the notes that were enclosed, and the cash kept on coming. As a varsity player, I did no work. Meals? Certainly. I got them just the same. How many like me? Well, I'd say about one half the team on the field at any one time was helped in exactly the same way.

On the Pacific Coast things aren't much different. "Tommy F," All-American at Stanford, received an offer of a job plus BRT from the University of California, but was first sent to Drews, a nearby preparatory school, by a Stanford alumnus. Through this man he met Jimmy Bradshaw, freshman football coach at Palo Alto. Thanks to Bradshaw, the boy obtained an alumni scholarship (\$345) plus a job waiting on table in Roble Hall, and another one

netting \$25 per month for delivering mail on the campus. All jobs, he says, were handed out by and under the control of the Athletic Association.

Northwestern has a summer camp, Camp Koch, run by backfield coach Jack Vance, where players who are paid to act as counselors spend most of their time practicing punting, passing, and blocking. A man closely connected with the team explained the Northwestern system. Ade Schumacher, the assistant athletic director, visits the homes of star prep school athletes from a list prepared by alumni and members of the coaching staff. Last fall the freshman squad had eighty-four players from fifteen different states and Hawaii. Which makes about one football player to every seven male students.

Among others approached by Schumacher was De Correvont, the Chicago high school star who is said to have received bids from some thirty colleges as far apart geographically — and intellectually — as Yale and Southern California; and his teammates at Austin High: Alf Bauman, Don Kruger, and Sanford Skor; Ira Kepford, the finest scholastic back in Michigan; Don Clawson, a 215-pound back from Kankakee; Jim Conley, 220 pounds and the leading back from

Kansas. If Schumacher really did all this he earns his money.

In the trade Northwestern has a reputation of promising anything but not always delivering. As a rule, however, players can obtain BRT plus a \$40-a-month job which entails nominal work in a fraternity house or one night a week as watchman in the stadium. In the past some of the varsity have had jobs in the Orrington and North Shore hotels in Evanston which gave them their room and board plus \$15 a week.

"Jake F" was approached while in a southern high school by Duke, Tennessee, William and Mary, VMI, and VPI. What was your best offer, Jake? "Best offer? Reckon it was from VMI. They offered me BRT plus books, uniform, and a sum of money, amount unspecified." But Eddie Cameron, freshman coach at Duke, invited him to Durham, all expenses paid, and the next fall he entered there. He waited on table three hours a day at the Student Union in return for his room, board, and tuition.

The secretary of the Southern Conference, of which Duke is a member, states that "Each player is required to fill out a rather complete eligibility certificate which is certified by the authorities of the college and also by the faculty

chairman of athletics." But Jake estimates four-fifths of the squad were helped as he was. There are several jobs Coach Wallace Wade can throw his boys, and Jake received \$25 a month representing a tobacco concern in Durham. Don't ask what he did for it. While playing football he never waited on table.

Pittsburgh has a seedy reputation in football, but investigation shows nothing done there that isn't done as well in Ann Arbor, Chapel Hill, Berkeley, New York, or South Bend. "Henry K" from a western Pennsylvania high school received offers from Villanova, Columbia, Pittsburgh, and Fordham. At the suggestion of coach Ralph Furey, assistant to Columbia Head Coach Lou Little, he went to New York with two high school athletic friends, was met by Furey and put up at the Hotel Marseilles. Besides the University they also visited restaurants, theatres, and night clubs at Furey's expense, and after all bills were paid each man returned home with about \$40. The Columbia offer was the usual one of BRT, plus small jobs for incidental expenses. However, Henry finally accepted the offer of Jimmie Hagan, Pitt athletic director, who allowed him his tuition and \$65 a month.

Last fall at Pittsburgh members of the freshman squad were told to sign notes for their tuition, and assured by John Weber, business manager of the university, that this was a formality. Later the authorities put into effect the famous "Code Bowman," a set of athletic rules apparently designed to eject Coach Sutherland. The entire freshman squad was then asked to pay on these notes *after* the season was over. This at least is their story, and anyone who knows the way athletics are run at Pittsburgh will believe them. It was later announced that Pittsburgh was going to play "amateur football," whatever that means. Not much, probably, for soon after Sutherland left the university, emissaries of the college approached graduates in the city to secure athletes this fall.

These are simply scattered case histories. There are dozens of others, varying only in detail. Were there space it would be possible to tell of the eastern lad who played at Notre Dame where he — and, so he says, practically the whole team — was helped through school; of "Harry" who was offered a trip to California one summer if he would come to Michigan State, but ended at Detroit where he was taken care of and had a

"job" on Ford's farm with thirty-five other men on the squad after school closed in June; of Duquesne where, in addition to various prerequisites players received \$35 a semester for "books"; of Purdue where last fall 19 out of 33 men on the football squad were registered in Physical Education, which required taking such courses as "Principles and Practices in Football Coaching" given by Athletic Director Nobel E. Kizer, "Advanced Swimming and Life Saving," and "Organization and Administration of Camping Activities"; of Princeton where players were put through by alumni and the best of them given work in a steel mill in Hamilton, Ohio, where the boys received \$100 for transportation back to Princeton, \$25 weekly salary, and a bonus of \$100 for toughening up and playing on the baseball team over the weekends; of Alabama where they take care of players with subsistence and sums of cash called "laundry money"; of North Carolina where, under the Graham Plan which was supposed to keep sport clean, a boy who had received offers from Columbia, Washington and Lee, Pittsburgh, and West Virginia was given BRT and odd jobs where he made between \$300-\$400 yearly; and of Texas Christian where

Dutch Meyer, the head coach, seems to spend much of his time out of season dispensing jobs to football stars.

We might also mention Yale, where a boy with an injured leg was given several hypodermic injections on the morning of a game last fall. Yale authorities explain that this was part of the regular medical treatment given by the medical staff and not the coach, that the boy was actually in the game only for two plays and then came out under his own steam and of his own volition. He had no contact whatsoever. The writer believes this to be true. Nevertheless the layman will ask why the boy was allowed to play at all if his physical condition was such that a hypodermic was necessary, and he will also find it hard to forget that another player at New Haven several years ago was operated on for appendicitis early in October and then played against Harvard in November.

But there is no call to protract the record. These stories and numerous others have a similarity of detail, figures, names, and places which supports their authenticity. One checks against the other. It would be possible to tell of them, and other things more serious — of promises made by officials in col-

leges and universities to 18-year-old boys which were never kept; of the Louisiana State player who lost his "scholarship" because he was found smoking during the season; of the Harvard fullback who got on probation and was immediately checked out of the Varsity Club where he had been living rent-free; of the player at Ohio State who was injured in his junior year and, being of no value to the team, had his job taken away; of the guard at Stanford who lost his \$345 scholarship *after* the football season. Honorable mention to those colleges who don't do this: Alabama, Duke, and California among others.

IV

The difference in ethics between the professional football leagues and the colleges is significant. Colleges steal from anyone. The professional league, on the other hand, takes no player who has not finished his college course; for violating this there is a \$1000 fine. The league is only allowed the men allotted to each club on the Draft List which appears every fall. Last December this list included 8 men from Washington and Pittsburgh, 7 from Notre Dame, 6 from Minnesota, Texas Christian, and Iowa, 5

from Oklahoma and Santa Clara, 4 from Southern California, Texas A & M and Wisconsin, 3 from Indiana, California, Duke, Louisiana State, San Francisco, St. Mary's, Nebraska, Purdue, North Carolina, and Stanford. The remainder from different institutions. Almost all these were in Group Three of this article.

"I am always suspicious of any college that has a beefy tackle or a fleet halfback whose home is more than a hundred miles from his college. I feel influence must be the explanation why he matriculated there," says President Raymond G. Bressler of Rhode Island State. As a former football coach and athletic director, he ought to know.

In the light of this comment examine the team which started for North Carolina State against Manhattan last fall in New York. One player came from North Carolina, and one from South Carolina. The others lived in Watertown, Conn.; Staten Island, Yonkers, and White Plains, N. Y.; Easton and Pittsburgh, Pa.; and Struthers, Ohio. The 1938 Southern California squad had on it boys from Pittsburgh, Kan.; Ontario; Milwaukee; Oklahoma City; West Virginia; Illinois, and Iowa. Washington's 1938 squad included seven boys from the Chicago district, while

Idaho attracted players from Los Angeles (3), Santa Ana, Cal. (2), Gary, Ind., Pontiac, Ill., Glendale, Cal., Portland, Me., Bovey, Minn., New Orleans — and six boys from Milwaukee, all 23 or over.

Turn for a moment to the situation on the Pacific Coast, where a candidate for the eleven weighing less than 220 pounds with shoulders like a taxi is thrown back into the ocean. According to Conference rules, practice is not supposed to start until September first, but at least three colleges — Southern California, UCLA, and Washington — had "summer camps" in 1938. The Washington camp at Longacres in Seattle, where the men kept in shape by exercise and handball, was reported in the daily press. This doesn't mean there aren't pre-season camps in the East, too. Pittsburgh holds a training camp where varsity candidates start conditioning themselves with double workouts, and those not surviving the grind are released like baseball rookies each spring. At Duquesne the tryouts begin in late August with a couple of hundred men sleeping on cots in the gym. Candidates come and go every few days.

In California nearly all the big universities have "farms." Their alumni have key positions in these

farms and boys sent there are sure to receive passing grades. Thus in the past Southern California has used Black Foxe Military Academy, while once the University of California at Los Angeles received almost a whole team from Oneonta Military Academy and Urban Military Academy. Some time ago Menlo Junior College was a "farm" for Stanford, and California favors the smaller institutions up and down the bay. At California a student editor explained how boys were given jobs if they were good football material, and how professors could always be found to "shade" a grade for athletes. A source of help to Southern California has been the Trojaneers, a group of film stars and rich rooters from Hollywood who not only contributed toward the purchasing of athletes but also helped them get jobs in the studios each summer. Thanks to the unionization of the studios this has been pretty well stopped.

In some places football lasts practically the year round. One Big Ten University has practiced in the ramp under the stadium all winter under the guise of "physical education" classes. The University of Texas had six teams out for the first practice game on February 11, 1939, and "spring practice" at

Fordham in New York started on February 28, 1939.

V

Football proves to the squad and also to the undergraduate body (because all facts gathered here are known on every campus) that the authorities are liars or hypocrites, or both; that they talk of sportsmanship, when all they care about is victory. How far faculty members are under this pressure may be judged from the case of a star who entered UCLA under an assumed name with BRT and a \$40 monthly job promised. His real name was discovered, so one of the coaches and the Dean of Men went into a huddle to help get him eligible. Although the Pacific Coast Conference Rules (Sec. 19, rule B) state that no one shall represent his institution if he has ever taken part in an athletic contest under an assumed name, and although the boy had done just that, the Dean of Men finally thought up a gag by which the student could appear before the Conference Ruling Committee and be reinstated. He was to say his father objected to his playing, hence the assumed name. The boy appeared with this excuse, was passed, and went on playing for the University.

In most places the disease has seeped down into the lower schools. Teachers, whether they want to or not, are often drawn into the athletic mess, sometimes being obliged to serve as ticket-takers without pay, and in many states teachers find it dangerous to flunk football stars. A friend of the writer in the South who did this lost his job. He states that in this school:

We played men who did not know what it was to pass a subject. We played men who were not even in school the week before the game. We played men who were paid to play for us. We played men who were drunk two days before the game. We played men who quit school as soon as the football season was over. And our stars were sought after by many college teams, too.

Why do the colleges indulge in a racket like football? To begin with, it's a habit and habits are hard to break. The colleges are in it deep and don't know how to get out. There is really no easy way of escape, for many of them owe huge sums on athletic plants. (Pittsburgh, for instance, pays almost \$100,000 yearly in interest to townspeople who hold stadium bonds.) Moreover, a winning team keeps the graduates happy. In almost all endowed institutions millions of dollars are contributed by alumni every year. College heads

want to keep their constituents — that is, their alumni — pleased and greased. A winning football team helps. The same factor enters even with the municipal or state universities. The appropriation for a university like Michigan, Minnesota, or Wisconsin goes through the legislature. If you don't think that a victorious Big Ten team doesn't help when it's time to pass the bill at Madison or Lansing or St. Paul, you don't know the American people. Football is also good advertising. The way to get talked about is to have a winning football team. Back in 1920 no one in other parts of the country had heard of Southern California or Notre Dame. Today they are known the nation over.

This, too, must be remembered: even if the college president were courageous, which the majority are not, he would open himself to terrific pressure if he took steps to drop the game. A battle like the Minnesota-Ohio State contest brings \$100,000 into Columbus in a week-end. Merchants don't like to lose this sum four or five times each fall. So football stays — because it makes the alumni happy, because it raises money to pay off obligations, because it advertises the university and brings them clients, and finally because now so many outside interests have fingers in the

pie that they can organize a popular front against anyone who tries seriously to abolish it.

So intercollegiate football goes on, though most people admit it's not healthy, the way it is run. Football as administered today favors the few with brawn rather than the millions who need instruction. Scholarships for athletes as well as students, say the colleges. But everywhere scholarships and opportunities are open to good athletes which are not available to the average boy. Almost every athletic director in the country disposes of jobs which he holds for his players. Work is handed out through the athletic office and invariably given to gridiron stars (Duke, Ohio State, Northwestern, Oklahoma, Texas, Arizona, Stanford, etc.). Almost everywhere athletes are given higher rates of pay than the ordinary student. (Texas Christian: athletes 80¢ an hour, non-athletes, 50¢ an hour. Pittsburgh: athletes, 90¢, non-athletes, 40¢, etc.). Almost everywhere athletes

are assisted free of charge in their classroom work. (By special tutoring classes held at night at Duke, by the regular tutoring schools round Harvard Square at Cambridge, by upper classmen at Notre Dame and the University of California at Los Angeles, by students "who know what the exams will be" at Alabama.) The *average* students get no help from anyone.

It is easy to pretend, ostrich-fashion, that the problem is a minor one. What if a few thousand athletes are helped, what if a few ethical ideas are smashed? But today intercollegiate football doesn't affect just a handful of students in a few isolated colleges and universities. It affects millions of students everywhere. It reaches down to the high schools and has an influence on our educational system from top to bottom. Football determines the conduct of college presidents, deans, and administrative officers. It has become an unsavory racket, and as such has no justifiable place on a college campus.



► Light on “*the most jealously guarded secret of Bolshevik foreign policy.*”

BEHIND THE MOSCOW-BERLIN AXIS

BY MAX NOMAD

To the man in the street the Stalin-Hitler finale to the long negotiations between Russia and the democratic powers came like the ending of an O. Henry story. But for all its elements of surprise, for all its seeming incongruity, the *denouement* is only the logical outcome of the policy pursued by Joseph Stalin ever since he became supreme master of Russia. It was only the superficial notion about the “irreconcilable hostility” between fascism and communism — a notion spread vehemently by both groups — that prevented the world from seeing the Soviet dictator’s doings in their true light.

A chronicle of the activities of the German Communist Party between 1930 and 1933, the years immediately before Hitler came to power, shows clearly how the Kremlin helped the Nazis into the saddle. During this period communist and Nazi propaganda and activities were remarkably alike. True, there was not much love lost between Reds and Browns; plenty of heads were broken when the two

met. Yet their activities were so similar that Nazi “inside” publications often pirated entire articles from communist party bulletins of instructions to agitators and other functionaries.

This similarity is not at all mysterious. Both groups were concentrating their efforts, in the main, upon discrediting the democratic institutions of the Republic and upon evoking a national yearning for some strong man to clean out the messy German democratic stable. One group presented Adolf Hitler as its candidate for the job. The other insisted, “Not Hitler, comrades, but Thaelmann will bring you freedom and well-being.” But their venom was directed less against each other than against their common antagonist — the Social-Democratic Party, which had the greatest following in Germany.

Nazis and communists alike accused that party of subservience to the domestic capitalists and to the victorious Entente governments. Whether or not the socialists showed courage in handling the

domestic and foreign difficulties is beside the point. The fact remains that in matters of domestic and foreign policy the supposedly irreconcilable Red and Brown enemies marched side by side.

An example of that collaboration was the strike of the Berlin transport workers in 1932. The employer in the case was the municipal administration controlled by the socialists. Communists and Nazis, their bloody encounters notwithstanding, sat on the same strike committee. Neither group was interested in the workers' grievances as such. Their only purpose was to give a black eye to the socialists and weaken the prestige of the Republic — and again it is beside the point whether the attitude of the socialists and the trade unions in that case was defensible.

Another important phase of the help which communists, in effect, gave the Nazis in those years was their deliberate catering to nationalist sentiment. Forgetful of their Marxist, internationalist creed the communists under instructions from Moscow tried to match the Hitlerites in rousing nationalist enthusiasm. The slogans were no longer "social revolution" or "proletarian dictatorship" — but "national and social liberation." The communists thus labored to stir up

the waves of nationalist feelings on which Hitler soon rode to power.

II

This sudden communist swing to nationalism aimed to win over for the cause of Russia a number of radical, or left-wing, Nazis who were anti-capitalist, disliked Hitler's flirtations with big business, and saw in an alliance with Russia a hope of ending Germany's subjection to the Entente. That was the time of the spectacular conversion to communism of former Lieutenant Scheringer, who had been an active Nazi much in the public eye. Thirteen other ex-army officers followed his example and came out openly for communism and Soviet Russia. But their "conversion" did not make them any less Nazis. They remained what they had been. On the other side, communists indoctrinated with the new nationalism prescribed by the Kremlin easily stepped over the line into the Hitler camp. Many did this before 1933, and hordes of them afterward.

A significant step in the communist help to the Nazis was the communist participation in the Prussian referendum initiated in 1931 by the monarchist Steel Helmet organization, and sup-

ported by the Nazis and by all Rightist parties. The majority of the Prussian Diet was controlled by a coalition of socialists and Catholics. When the monarchists and the Nazis first proposed that referendum for the dissolution of the Prussian Diet, the communists violently attacked the idea. But suddenly they reversed their position. It is not difficult to guess who made them "change their line." The referendum was a fiasco, in spite of the Nazi-communist united front. Had it been victorious, fascism might have been triumphant in Germany two years earlier — and with Stalin's direct help.

By the end of 1931 it was no longer a secret that the victory of the Nazis was close at hand. Therefore an influential socialist leader, Breitscheid, turned to the communists with a proposal of co-operation to stave off the danger. His party was ready to cease all attacks against the Soviet regime and against the Communist Party. The communists replied, on November 16, 1931, that "Brüning's fascism was not a bit better than Hitler's fascism" (Brüning was at that time Chancellor). A month later Comrade Thaelmann added: "It is necessary to fight against the common belief that the Brüning-Severing government is the lesser evil com-

pared with . . . a Hugenberg-Hitler government." Obviously there was no sense in fighting Hitler if the existing regime was just as bad.

In the few weeks before Hitler's assumption of power, Friedrich Stampfer, socialist leader, made an attempt to win the support of the Soviet Government for a policy of collaboration between German communists and socialists in meeting the common danger. Stampfer's appeals were of no avail. He records in the *Neuer Vorwärts* of November 5, 1933:

My last conversation with the Soviet Embassy on this subject took place several days before the Reichstag fire. I was told quite clearly that Moscow believed Fascism was inevitable in Germany as a transitory development and that, for the present at least, I could not expect any support for my ideas.

III

Why should Stalin have been so helpful to those who always professed to be his most bitter enemies? He could not possibly have believed that Hitler's power would be "transitory." Mussolini's "transitory" power had lasted for nearly eleven years by that time. One answer was provided by a Moscow journalist notoriously friendly to Stalin. In the *New York Times* of March 2, 1933 — at the very mo-

ment of Hitler's seizure of power
— Walter Duranty wrote:

It is beyond question that Moscow would welcome even a hundred per cent Hitler régime on the grounds that it would conjure away the nightmare that has harassed the sleep of Soviet statesmen for the past five years, namely an anti-Bolshevik European coalition or a "holy war against the Red peril."

These unguarded sentences gave away the most jealously guarded secret of Bolshevik foreign policy. In order to "conjure away the nightmare of an anti-Bolshevik European coalition" the Russian dictator had decided to impose the nightmare of Hitlerism upon the German people and upon the world at large!

During the second half of the 1920s the foreign policy of Germany's republican-democratic majority parties was based upon a Western orientation. Even the socialists favored friendly relations with France and England, rather than with Russia. They had good reasons: an alliance with Russia, in case of a victorious war with the Western powers, could lead only to a dictatorship of the then powerful German communists. Only a communist can blame them if they preferred the capitalist fleshpots to the concentration camps and firing squads of the comrades.

This reluctance of the German democratic parties to play ball with Stalin made the Russian dictator eager for a Germany to which he would be an eligible ally. So he simply extended to the political field the friendly relations which the Red Army had maintained with the reactionary and monarchist military command of the Weimar Republic. There was no chance for a successful communist revolution anyhow. The only alternative was power for a fascist party or a combination of Right parties whose anti-Western bias was beyond doubt.

It was quite logical therefore — however monstrous this may sound — for Stalin to direct his subsequent strategy towards weakening the German republican forces and strengthening the Nazis. The best means to that end was to drive a wedge between the communist and the socialist workers who, united, would have presented an irresistible force of at least 13,000,000. The Kremlin's "theorists" were told to elaborate the idea that the Social-Democrats and moderate labor leaders were merely the "moderate wing" of fascism. The label "social fascist" was pasted on socialists and labor men the world over. It was an ingenious "stop-thief" trick for concealing the actual fact that fascism was merely a "moderate"

and heterodox variety of Bolshevism.

Stalin's propagandists worked hard to "prove" that from the Marxist point of view there was no difference between democracy and fascism — both were merely variations of capitalism. There could be only one purpose behind this: to keep the communist workers neutral in the conflict between the defenders of the German Republic and their Nazi enemies. The fascist menace was pooh-pooed, and when its growth could not be denied, Stalin's agents insisted that even if the Nazis won, they would soon give way to the communists.

Were the *German* communist leaders fully aware of what they were doing? Cynics among them no doubt were; they simply considered themselves officials of the *Russian* foreign service, no more concerned about the fate of their own country than garden-variety spies. But for the most part the leading German "comrades" were simply unprincipled job-holders, repeating parrot-like the "theses" handed them by their Moscow bosses. As for the rank and file, they were as "innocent" in Germany as are the great majority of the comrades in America who now swallow the official party explanations of the Nazi-Soviet pact.

It took quite a while before Hitler, having achieved power, was ready openly to embrace the Russian Bolsheviks who had done so much to bring him to the top. There is no gratitude in politics. In the beginning and for a few years afterwards, verbal attacks on the Russian scourge served him better. They helped the Nazi regime obtain financial backing from the West, and particularly to win the friendship of the British Tories who did as much for the consolidation of Hitler's power as Stalin had done for its inauguration. But Stalin did not give up the hope that eventually Hitler would come to terms. Only thus can one explain the attitude of the Communist International during the Saar plebiscite, when it urged workers to "Vote for Germany in spite of Hitler." After that it occurred to Stalin that the best way to win Hitler was to play ball with the democratic powers for a while, and to pose as the champion of democracy — everywhere except in Russia.

The game succeeded. The Nazi-communist pacts of August 1939 in a sense complete the circle: the old anti-democratic allies are together again. All signs, at this writing, are that the reconciliation marks the start of serious Russo-German co-operation.

► *Who leads the Legion — and where to?
You should know who commands, because*

THE AMERICAN LEGION TAKES ORDERS

BY MILTON S. MAYER

TWENTY years ago the American Army came home from its first world war. Four and a half million men who had tasted powder, smelled it, or imagined it were returned to civilian life. Fewer than one-third of them had come within 3000 miles of a bullet. Fewer than one-fourth found their way into the American Legion. But the Legion has long since been accepted as the voice of the American hero. Its voice is familiar; less familiar is the machinery from which the voice of the Legion emanates.

The rank and file of American Legionnaires are ordinary Americans — relatively decent, tolerant and intelligent. If they're given to helling around at National Convention time — well, we owe them indulgence. The soldier returned from France — or from sticking bayonets into sandbags in Texas or New Jersey — seared by an experience which civilians never know. He had been taught to hate. But suddenly the enemy had vanished. No more Huns, no more flags, no more roses in the streets. Emo-

tional readjustment is not easy. To the end of his days the veteran is just a little drier tinder for somebody's spark than most of us. There is ample evidence that this psychological fact has been shrewdly exploited by some of those who have shaped the Legion's destiny.

This exploitation is obviously no fault of the veteran himself. It has been fought, with little avail so far, by a very small minority inside the organization. But it helps explain why the behavior of a million average Americans came to be associated in the public mind with illiberalism in a higher-than-average liberal nation. *Time* (no Red rag) bulks the Legion with other "illiberal" organizations. The *New York Times*, in recording the Little Steel strike of 1937, casually reports that "Legionnaires form the backbone of the vigilante movement." On a hundred fronts over twenty years, the Legion, though it subscribes to "100% Americanism" in its Constitution, has transgressed the Constitutional rights of other Americans in decidedly un-Amer-

ican style. Legion groups have indulged in mob actions outside the law which few members as individuals really consider American.

How did this happen? If we want the answer we must recognize that the soldier not only learns hate, but hierarchy. His Legion obeys; it takes orders. In other words, we must examine the peace-time generals, the men who lead the Legion and the extent to which these generals, as a group, are self-perpetuating.

Exact details of the organization of the Legion in 1919 are hard to find. In February, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Col. Bennett Clark tendered a dinner to a score of selected AEF officers in Paris. There the plans for the Legion were unfolded. The Legion's *Dictionary of Facts* states that "400 individuals in 13 different states advanced \$257,000 in July, 1919, to finance the work of organizing the Legion." Who they were is not entirely conjectural. Nearly half the sum, \$125,000, came from Grayson M.-P. Murphy, according to a confidential employe of Murphy's, Gerald S. MacGuire, as quoted by General Smedley Butler. Less nebulous is a letter, written on the stationery of Swift & Co., dated December 26, 1919:

A national drive is being made for the Legion, and the amount asked from

Illinois is \$100,000. . . . We are all interested in the Legion, the results it will obtain, and the ultimate effect in helping to offset radicalism. . . . I was asked by the chairman to write to the different stockyards interests for their contributions.

Among the men most active in the organization of the Legion were also Congressman Hamilton Fish, Jr., and General Milton J. Foreman, millionaire Chicago lawyer. Col. Luke Lea, the Nashville banker subsequently sent to the penitentiary for fraud in connection with bank failure, was first chairman of the legislative committee. Thomas W. Miller, the Legion's first Washington lobbyist, was also sent to the penitentiary for conspiracy to defraud the government as Alien Property Custodian.

Now some of those prominent in the launching were high-minded and, we must presume, utterly public-spirited in the undertaking. Many were men of substance — Murphy, for instance, sat in on some twenty corporations; wealthy corporations eager to combat radicalism helped fill the till. (Naturally — only those who have cash can give it.) Besides, it cannot be accurately estimated how far the leadership of the Legion is influenced by those who financed it, or by their heirs and assigns. But the original impetus came in large measure from

men far from typical of the veterans as a whole, and the Legion's subsequent policies and practices have rarely, if ever, run counter to the points of view of such men and groups.

Radicalism, like Americanism, is a matter of definition. To the stockyards interests, trade unions or social legislation of any kind may rate as "radical," whereas to the ordinary Legionnaire they may not. The average Legionnaire, like the average civilian, hasn't thought much about democracy, fascism, communism, and such things. He looks here, there, everywhere for leadership, and the handiest place for him to look is National Headquarters. Yet with the notable exceptions of Commander Ray Murphy, who in 1935 dissented from the Legion's demand for loyalty oaths from teachers, and Commander Harry Colmery, who in 1936 proclaimed, along with the Supreme Court, the heretical doctrine that even communists have a Constitutional right to free speech, none of the Legion's leaders has risen very far above the level of social thought attained by Commander Alvin Owsley, who said in 1923:

If ever needed, the American Legion stands ready to protect our country's institutions and ideals as the Fascisti

dealt with the destructionists who menaced Italy. Do not forget that the Fascisti are to Italy what the American Legion is to the United States.

Voices inside the Legion have muttered suspicions of their official leadership. A few years ago Commander Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge of the Willard Straight Post of New York asked openly:

Is the general membership of the Legion submitting to the control of an intrenched minority of policy-makers who, known as "king-makers" in certain Legion circles, are in turn controlled by reactionary groups outside the Legion?

Following his election in 1936, the liberal Commander Murphy referred ambiguously but distastefully to "closed-door politicians and king-makers." At the 1937 Convention, Vincent Carroll, a member of the Committee on Internal Organization, seized the microphone by main force, and, according to the *New York Times*, "was applauded time and again as he shouted into the microphone that 'this organization is getting away from its members! This organization is getting too top-heavy!'" General Butler put it a little more plainly in 1933, when a couple of "plain soldiers" drove up to his farm in a limousine and proposed that he stampede the Legion for "a sound dollar." "The 'royal

family' have been selling out the common soldiers in this Legion for years," he said.

II

Who are the "king-makers?" The students of the Legion don't know. The Legionnaires don't know — neither who they are nor whom they represent. The 1937 Convention, following the liberal administrations of Commanders Murphy and Colmery, elected a routine politician named Doherty as National Commander. There was, as usual, only one ballot. "Commander Doherty," *Life* reported, "was the candidate of the political inner circle of the Legion." Following his election, according to the *New York Times*, his campaign manager, Mr. William H. Doyle, "was greeted by all visitors at the [Doherty] headquarters as the 'head king-maker' of the Legion."

On the day preceding Doherty's election the *Times* stated that the prospective deadlock between Doherty and his principal opponent had been averted by a "one-two-three" deal in which the opponent had been ditched and the third and fourth candidates threw their votes to Doherty with the understanding that they would be elected in 1938 and 1939 respectively. The "Doh-

erty-Chadwick-Stambaugh agreement," the press called it. And sure enough, Stephen Fowler Chadwick was elected commander the following year, and Lynn U. Stambaugh appeared to be alone in the field as the Legion Convention assembled in Chicago this September.

Thus Mr. William H. Doyle emerges as one of the substantial shadows behind, and yet within, the American Legion. This same Mr. Doyle, a Massachusetts politician, and at one time state commander of the Legion, was one of the two "plain soldiers" who tried to persuade General Butler to attend the Legion Convention "as a delegate from Hawaii" and read a prepared speech demanding a return to the gold standard. The trail led from Doyle to MacGuire, Grayson M.-P. Murphy's man who, Butler testified under oath, suggested the formation of a fascist army of veterans under Butler's leadership. And MacGuire led to Robert Sterling Clark who, according to General Butler's testimony, said he was willing to spend half of his \$30,000,000 "to save the other half." Chairman MacCormick of the House Committee on Nazi and Other Propaganda read into the record the financial statement of the still mysterious "Committee for a Sound Dollar" showing

a payment of \$6,300 to Doyle.

Outside the Legion's rough-and-tumble political circle, but within the Legion, are men whose names have frequently appeared as key figures in peripheral Legion activities. One of these is ex-Governor Bibb Graves of Alabama, who exerts a powerful influence in both the Legion and the Ku Klux Klan. Another upper-case Legionnaire, as chairman of the National Defense Committee, is General Amos Fries, who several years ago distributed the historic *Spider-Web Chart* listing the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the WCTU, and the League of Women Voters as sponsors of "International Socialism." The two most powerful members of the American Legion's permanent bureaucracy are Col. John Thomas Taylor, director of the National Legislative Committee, and Homer L. Chaillaux, director of the National Americanism Commission. Taylor has been chief of the Legion's powerful Washington lobby for more than a decade. Charles W. Ferguson, in *Fifty Million Brothers*, says of the Legion's master lobbyist:

Col. Taylor would write the bills he wanted introduced and then wisely select some distinguished Legionnaire who was a member of Congress to introduce and champion the bills. Many of his compositions reached the statutes

without the indignity of a single change. Col. Taylor became a powerful figure and utterly ubiquitous. If he needed to confer with a servant of the people he would simply go to the door of the House or Senate and send a page to fetch the man he wanted to see.

A Washington lawyer before the war, Col. Taylor has held other positions conjointly with his Legion job. During the Legion's successful struggle to prevent the Senate's ratification of the Geneva Protocol prohibiting the use of poison gas — the United States and Japan were the only great powers which refused to sign it — Col. Taylor served as treasurer of the National Association of Chemical Defense, a propaganda agency sponsored by chemical manufacturers to defeat the Protocol. Explaining the Legion's fight for poison gas, Col. Taylor said that only 2 per cent of gas casualties in the World War died, as opposed to 24 per cent of casualties from other arms.

But before we proceed to Mr. Chaillaux and the role he plays, it is important to know that there is little democratic about the organization of men who saved the world for democracy. With 75 per cent of the eligible veterans outside the Legion, it is fair to assume that most of those inside are just natural joiners. They want to belong to

something, and they want to have some fun. The Legion is their club. Convention time is hell-raising time for those who go and as in most conventions of social organizations the delegates neither know nor care about the business before them. This means nothing in, say, the Elks, whose resolutions are all right with everybody, anyway. But every Legion convention passes a dozen different kinds of resolutions, advocating limitations on free speech, deportation of alien "radicals," teachers' loyalty oaths, and so on. These matters, together with the convention demands for bigger navies and armies, are highly controversial. Some go to the heart of our democratic institutions. But they are all steamrollered through, almost without dissent, almost without discussion. And only those resolutions reach the floor which have passed through the hands of the bureaucracy.

Between conventions, the officials in Indianapolis run the American Legion. The 11,000 posts are semi-autonomous, but National Headquarters tells them what to think on what subjects. The Convention resolves every year that "Americanism is the primary activity of the Legion." It resolves further "to vigilantly combat Communism." The membership, be-

tween conventions, has to interpret as best it can such words as "Americanism," "Communism," and "combat." Or rather it would have to if Homer L. Chaillaux of the Americanism Commission didn't do it so magnificently in a steady stream of bulletins, pamphlets, books, and lectures. Mr. Chaillaux is the Legion's educator.

III

The least of Mr. Chaillaux's efforts are directed against freedom of speech and assembly. His list of "organizations reported to be either communist or sympathetic to the communist program" includes not only trade union groups but the Theatre Guild and the Save Our Schools Committee. He advises the membership:

When any of them announce meetings in your city or community, the office of the National Americanism Commission will be pleased to give you what information our files contain on their history. The harmless sounding names seldom do justice to their activities.

It is obvious that Mr. Chaillaux's intent is prevention of free assembly for lots of organizations as subversive as the Theatre Guild. But whatever the intent, the result, in hundreds of communities, has been the closing of meeting places, not only to actual communists but to

liberal, progressive, and artistic groups of all sorts.

The doctrine that the laws protect the civil rights of those who advocate destruction of civil rights was enunciated, not only by Voltaire, Jefferson, and Lincoln, but by the Supreme Court in 1918. It is found in the majority opinion of Justice Holmes that "printed or spoken words should not be prohibited unless they create a clear and present danger." In his education of a million Legionnaires, however, Mr. Chaillaux cites only the court decisions which failed to apply this doctrine and none of the decisions which uphold what is now the unmistakable view of the Court. Having demonstrated, in this fashion, that communists are outside the law, Mr. Chaillaux has only to tell the Legionnaires who the "communists" are.

When Legionnaire Baldridge published a pamphlet titled *Americanism — What Is It?*, Mr. Chaillaux announced that the booklet "stemmed from Stalin." The New York Times characterized it as "intelligently liberal." The Legion — National Headquarters, that is — suppressed the tract. Mr. Chaillaux's masterpiece is the volume *Isms*, distributed to every Legion post, all Legion affiliates, public libraries, schools, and universities.

The book begins by quoting the Legion's resolutions against "Communism, Fascism, and Nazism." The body of the book contains 253 pages on communism and "communist sympathizers," 3 pages on fascism, and 14 pages on Nazism. The concluding chapter, titled *Suggestions for Combatting un-Americanism*, begins, "The Red Movement must be met and overcome," and deals only with communism.

The Americanism director, in a note appended to *Isms*, gives credit and thanks for information to such distinguished scholars as Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, whose *Red Network* includes as radicals Chief Justice Hughes, Glenn Frank, and Jane Addams. Under Mr. Chaillaux's benevolent aegis, Legion posts and Legion-sponsored meetings throughout the country are treated to lectures on "Americanism" by such authorities as Harry A. Jung, who fights communism by selling wholesale lots of the *Protocols of Zion* to the Silver Shirts; Col. E. N. Sanctuary, who fights communism through his World Alliance against Jewish Aggressiveness; and the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, who fights communism by telling his audiences that "the filthy foreign rats who come to this country do not learn English."

But the most interesting com-

panion-in-Americanism of Mr. Chaillaux is the Rev. Gerald B. Winrod of Kansas. The Rev. Winrod, lately repudiated by Alf Landon and John D. M. Hamilton as a Republican candidate for Senator, specializes in "Roosevelt's Jewish ancestry," "degenerate Negroes," and "Catholic Farley." "Germany alone," says Mr. Winrod, "holds these Asiatic forces in check." On April 14, 1937, Chaillaux, writing on his official Legion stationery, told the Rev. Winrod how much he enjoyed and admired the Reverend's work. Winrod covered Kansas with photostats of this endorsement, and lecture engagements rolled in. But one of the photostats reached the hands of a Kansas City clergyman, who went to the National Executive Committee of the Legion with it. The Executive Committee includes several Catholics and Jews, and Director Chaillaux wrote the Rev. Winrod expressing his "astonishment" that Winrod was using the endorsement, written six months before. The Rev. went right on using the original endorsement, and Homer L. Chaillaux continued as the man charged with educating a million Legionnaires in Americanism.

The sum of Mr. Chaillaux's curious brand of Americanism is incitement of decent men who

come under his influence to participate in vigilanteism and mob action, the kind of un-American action which thinking Legionnaires blush for. Commander Colmery, the Legion's most liberal leader, did not dare ask for more than this: that Legionnaires engaged in "preserving law and order" at least refrain from wearing Legion insignia of any sort. It is difficult to interpret this plea otherwise than that Legionnaires on extra-legal mobbing parties should at least avoid getting caught at it. But Colmery's plea has been in vain, as have been the pleas of numerous trade union posts and the Wisconsin State Department that the Legion keep out of strike situations. The 1938 Convention actually voted down a resolution that Legion groups refrain from injecting themselves in labor disputes.

Never, in twenty years, has the National Executive Committee used its power to suspend or expel a member for "conduct unbecoming a Legionnaire" when the offense was illegal wrecking of unpopular meetings or persons. An illuminating remark in this connection is that of Mr. Chaillaux's Americanism Commission, which reported that "following the advice of our director, many posts,

including those at Pittsburgh and Reading, Pa., have skilfully offset the efforts of communists without in any way involving the post as such."

Thus for twenty years a million decent, law-abiding men have been indoctrinated with the undemocratic and un-American notion that they constitute a sort of free-booting militia. Yesterday an illegal raid on an alleged communist meeting; today an illegal raid on an alleged Nazi meeting — the un-American principle is the same. The Disabled American Veterans and the Veterans of Foreign Wars are both educating their members in the who and how of home-made menaces to democratic life, but the Legion leadership continues to incite illegal suppression of imported bogeys, and the Legion — partly through apathy, partly through the habit of obedience — takes orders from its leaders, its king-makers, its "educator."

The king-makers who served the conspiracy to place General Butler at the head of an American Croix de Feu may not have been aware of what they were doing. General Harbord may in all innocence have accepted a directorship of the Sentinels of the Republic, whose president blames the nation's troubles on the Jews. National Commander

Paul V. McNutt, that sterling New Deal statesman, may have sincerely believed that Fred Marvin's "Key Men of America" was a patriotic society when he joined its advisory board. And Homer L. Chaillaux may have mistaken the Rev. Winrod for something truly American. But if men like these, the leaders of the Legion, are innocently or wittingly helping to promote intolerance in our country, they must know that they may carry a million loyal Legionnaires with them.

The struggle within the Legion to democratize the organization goes on year after year. Its adherents are a minority, possibly a sizable minority, but, except during the administrations of Commanders Murphy and Colmery, a minority without a voice. President Roosevelt is a Legionnaire. Congressmen Lundeen and Scott, Ex-Congressman Amlie, Mayors La Guardia of New York and Maverick of San Antonio all belong. Men like Attorney Gen. Frank Murphy are not without a following, nor are Former Commanders Ray Murphy and Colmery. There's the Wisconsin State Department, and forty union labor posts, and isolated posts in New York, Washington, Detroit, fighting doggedly to save the Legion from the king-makers and

those behind them. There are a great many individual members opposed to the authoritarian political philosophy fostered by leaders.

"The day will come," predicted one of the early National Commanders, "when the voice of the Legion will be the voice of America." The average age of a million Legionnaires in 1939 is 45. Their physical Americanism is about over, and the country has survived. They have reached the age, however, when men assume responsible positions in the national life. The Legionnaire who comes to public office, high or low, cannot practice the Americanism of Chaillaux and the Americanism of the Bill of Rights at one and the same time. Democracy, set upon by the bears of the left and the wolves of the

right, cannot afford the "100% Americanism" of the bigot and the mob.

The hope for the Legion — perhaps the hope for democracy itself — lies with the rank and file of the war veterans who, as General Butler puts it, have been sold out by their leaders. This country is no more verging on fascism, as the communists insist, than it is on communism, as the fascists insist. But some American equivalent is not impossible in the years to come. The rank and file of the American Legion will fight it — *if they are able to recognize it*. But if they want to be able to recognize it, they had better find out who is leading them — and where. Before taking orders they had better see who gives them, and why.



DISPOSSESSED

BY ALFRED KREYMBORG

FOUR big men with great big brooms
Come to sweep out our furnished rooms.
One is called *Want* and another *Privation*.
Rent looks like most of the rest of the nation.
The fourth man's *Down* and the four go *Out*.
And that's about all that this tale's about.

MAKING FOOLS OF PHILATELISTS

BY STEPHEN NAFT

IN PROFESSIONAL philatelic circles the incident is recalled as "Farley's Follies." To enjoy the full flavor of this incident you should know that Uncle Sam nets over \$1,000,000 a year through the sale of postage stamps which will never be used except in collections. In the year ending last June thirtieth, the Post Office sold \$1,312,016.48 worth of stamps to philatelists throughout the world. Since 1921 this enterprise has brought in more than \$12,000,000 clear profit to the government. The relations between the stamp-collecting hordes and the Post Office Department are therefore far from casual, and Postmaster General Farley might have known better.

A few years ago he issued a set of stamps depicting the national parks. Somehow a few dozen sets happened to be ungummed and unperforated — deviations from the normal which make the fanatic philatelist's mouth water. No issue is legal unless placed on sale in the post office; a few of these gloriously defective stamps did go there. They

were immediately bought up by someone who seemed to expect them, before the philatelic public knew what was happening. The remaining sets were quietly distributed to members of the inner circle, including the nation's most prominent stamp collector, President Roosevelt. The issue, being virtually unobtainable in the open market, skyrocketed to \$20,000 a set. Dealers raised such a howl that Mr. Farley was forced to print a great many more of the rarities for distribution through normal channels. Alas for the poor devils who snatched these specimens — the price per set nosedived to \$2.25.

"Farley's Follies" epitomize the increasing importance of postage stamps when not used as postage. For the ordinary stamp, governments must perform Herculean labors of picking up, sorting, transporting, and delivering letters over immense distances. No such effort is involved when stamps are printed especially for collectors' albums. The possibilities of this racket have been recognized by sovereign states

only in recent years, and have evoked a new industry in which countries as diverse as tiny Liechtenstein and gigantic Russia are active entrepreneurs.

The insatiable and indiscriminate demands of collectors, especially the American breed, are met joyously by most nations. Philatelists fill their albums and governments fill their treasuries. Stamps bearing a face value equivalent to several dollars are made available to fans for a few cents; the sovereign nations simply pre-cancel the product, and obviously it costs no more to print a \$5-stamp than a 5c-stamp.

Philatelists once collected only used stamps. They valued those which had done heroic service in carrying letters long distances and by dangerous routes. Proletarians of the postal ways appealed to them. But after the World War governments and dealers co-operated to foster the sale of newly-minted, unused, or merely pre-canceled stamps — stamps whose travels were journeys from the post office to the album. That was satisfactory for the dealers, who could obtain supplies easily and sell them quickly at a profit — and even more so for the governments. An unused stamp is comparable to a bond stored away forever without intending to redeem it.

New issues of stamps are now epidemic. They attest neither chronic patriotism nor official interest in miniature art, but a greed for philatelic profit. Sometimes governments go too far even for soft-hearted collectors. French philatelists, last July, threatened to boycott their own nation's output if it didn't slow up production. Before that Italy was threatened with boycott and bowed to the warning by cutting down the number of stamps printed for the trade. The scope of the business may be surmised from the fact that in a good year, 1932, a total of 1682 different issues appeared in the world, Italy leading with 197 new adhesives.

Scarcity is the determining factor in fixing the value of a stamp. Governments that have learned the art of milking philatelists may issue a limited number of some special commemorative stamp, then destroy the plates to assure rarity. Nicaragua is discredited in the eyes of collectors because many of her issues, whose plates were supposedly destroyed, reappeared. Smaller nations, for whom income from philatelists is an important budgetary item, began this phony state industry. Issuing stamps more generously, pocket-size countries often require more space in albums than many great powers.

II

The revolution in philately — from stamps for postage to stamps for pasting-up — received impetus from the complicated changes after the War. New countries came into being: Poland, Czechoslovakia, Latvia, Lithuania, Esthonia, Palestine, Hedjaz, Squipare, Iraq, and so on. New forms of government arose, as in Russia, Hungary, Germany. All of which meant new stamps — thousands of them. The rapid political shifts evoked 2590 new stamps in 1920.

The shifting postal scene was not without its difficulties for collectors. They bought new issues at high prices, only to find the market flooded with “pre-cancels”; some new governments were often not above a little deception. They withdrew stamps of the fallen regimes — to sell them wholesale to the dealers. But the philatelic ball was rolling and could not be stopped. The sport had graduated from its first period, which probably began with this advertisement in the London *Times* in 1841, a year after England had issued the world’s first postage stamps:

A young lady being desirous of covering her dressing room with cancelled postage-stamps invites the assistance of strangers in her project.

Hungary is a good example of the effect of political turmoil upon the stamp album. In 1918 the Hapsburg dynasty gave way to a republic under Count Michael Karolyi, whereupon the imperial stamps labeled Magyar Royal Post were replaced with stamps inscribed merely Magyar Post. Soon Karolyi was elbowed aside by Bela Kun’s Bolshevik regime, which thriftily took over its predecessor’s stamps and surcharged them with the legend Magyar Socialist Republic. Before the ink was dry, Bela Kun fled before Admiral Horthy. This gentleman, too, decided to use the stock on hand, merely printing a very black sheaf of wheat on the old stamps. By this time the bits of paper looked like overworked blotters. But they are none the less valuable to the collector, whose album reveals that Hungary in 1919 was mailing letters with stamps that bore the inscriptions of three distinct forms of government: democratic, communist, and dictatorial. Philatelists eagerly snatched these curiosities, as well as Horthy’s new stamp, which revived the inscription Magyar Royal Postage to indicate that “royal power” had been reborn even if there were no king.

Another push for philately was provided by the inflation of the

1920s. Changing monetary values meant stamps of ever-larger denominations. Before the war the largest denomination in German stamps was two marks. In 1920, when inflation started, fifty-mark stamps appeared, and by 1923 Germans were using stamps of 3000 marks. In a few months 100,000-mark stamps were issued; then "millions" were printed over "thousands" and "billions" over "millions." The writer owns a letter sent from Germany to America covered with stamps totalling 450,000,000,000 marks. We leave it to Einstein to establish the ephemeral and infinitesimal value of these astronomic figures.

Russia, well up among the official stamp racketeers, has told a significant and colorful story in its successive issues. After the Revolution stamps bore the palindromic insignia RSFSR, for Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic. During the civil wars, stamps came and went as regimes appeared and disappeared in different sections of the vast country. Lenin was so opposed to idolatry that while he lived the bright-hued Soviet stamps were impersonal, showing symbolic figures of workers and peasants and soldiers. After Lenin's death stamps became loud in praise of Stalin. In 1934, for instance, a selection

of portrait stamps commemorating the tenth anniversary of Lenin's death was climaxed by a bright red stamp of the highest denomination depicting Stalin — with the face of Lenin a ghostly shadow in the background. The changing temper of the Soviet State can thus be traced in its stamps.

III

As the philatelic industry expanded, governments lavished ingenuity on the task of exploiting collectors. During the war over the Chaco territory, Bolivia and Paraguay made a profitable philatelic side-line of the bloodshed. In 1931 Bolivia issued a special stamp bearing a map that included the disputed area, marked "Chaco Boliviano." It was so drawn that it gave Bolivia on the postage stamp almost all of Paraguay up to the edge of its capital city. In 1932 Paraguay countered with a postage stamp map presenting "Chaco Paraguayo" including not only the disputed region but a sizable chunk of Bolivia proper; and reinforced with the legend, "It was, it is, and will be Paraguayan." Postal and martial hostilities ceased for a while, but in 1935 Bolivia re-issued the provocative stamp, and Paraguay did likewise. Collectors jumped

for the bait enthusiastically, though some of them guessed that the South American postal departments were just issuing propaganda stickers.

Even sex appeal has had its role in the philatelic field. There are two Goya paintings of his sweetheart, La Maya — one naked; the other clothed. When Spain in 1930 decided to honor Goya by reproducing La Maya on a stamp, it cannily selected the nude version. The demand among collectors was high, especially after several governments with a puritanical bias refused to transmit letters with the artistic stamp. Spain withdrew the issue after American dealers had put in a generous supply.

Thus racketeers among governments find the happy point of selling album stamps in large quantities, stopping just short of the point of breaking the collectors' temper. Until the philatelists stop them, postal departments will continue to yield to the temptation. Liechtenstein is a case in point. With an area of sixty-five square miles and a population of 10,213, its principal industry seems to be the production of postage stamps for international consumption. Indeed, only smugglers and philatelists are interested in that country, although Hitler has begun to eye it.

Liechtenstein learned it could issue stamps with the same dignity as a nation covering half a continent. So it plunged into the racket. Unfortunately for the domestic peace, the stamp business was monopolized by a group of government insiders who bought up new issues before they could get to the post offices. Smaller people eager to get into the game objected, and soon philately began to dominate the nation's politics and even threatened a revolutionary crisis. On February 23, 1923, on the eve of an election, the people took over the streets and held demonstrations against the postage stamp trust. Free *vs.* monopolized stamps was the election issue and the aroused populace won the day for the free-stamp party.

The postage stamp game continues unabated. Americans lead the parade of philatelists who pay out good money for stamps to paste up in their albums. As long as they and their fellow addicts the world over continue to buy, Liechtenstein and the USSR, Nicaragua and Monaco, and all the other countries who are not averse to making a little easy cash, will continue turning out pretty labels for dealers and collectors. Philately is one racket where both sides involved seem to be happy.

- *The Nazi "menace" is exaggerated . . .
A recipe for healthier relations.*

SENSE AND SENSATION ON LATIN AMERICA

BY NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

BY CONVINCING Latin Americans that the United States does not covet their territory, and does not wish to interfere in the internal affairs of any Latin American nation, the Roosevelt Administration has improved relations between the United States and its southern neighbors. In this Secretary of State Cordell Hull has played an important part; his integrity, fairness, and courtesy have gone far to disarm the fears and jealousies of Latin American statesmen.

But it is unfortunate that President Roosevelt has been excessively impressed by the propaganda of persons who see a Nazi or a fascist under every Latin American bed and that he has sought to indoctrinate the American people with the belief that there is a conflict of "ideologies" in Latin America which places on the United States the task of keeping the totalitarian states out of the Western Hemisphere. A good case — an excellent case — can be made for drawing closer the relations between the nations and the new

world. So also can it be shown that Germany is a potentially serious rival of the United States in the struggle for Latin American markets. But to jump from this to the conclusion that there is a campaign by Nazis or fascists to impose their forms of government on Latin America is to go to extremes. Such exaggeration of facts, indeed, is likely to be self-defeating: to encourage policies which undermine Latin American respect for the United States is really to give Germany a strong psychological advantage.

What the European dictatorships, particularly Germany, are doing is trying to extend commercial influence, which implies bringing pressure of every kind to bear on Latin American governments to obtain special concessions for their own people at the expense of Americans and Britishers. It means using German diplomatic agents to influence Latin American politicians, stir up local sentiment against the United States, and mobilize Latin Americans of German blood to

unite, in order to carry out the wishes of the agents of the Fatherland. This is serious enough, from the point of view of Latin or North Americans, but to say that these activities constitute a "threat to democracy in the Western Hemisphere" is to talk nonsense. Democracy, as we know it in this country, or in England or France, does not exist in Latin America. Latin American governments are now and have long been Presidential governments — governments in which the powers are concentrated in the hands of a chief executive subject to few restraints by public opinion or legislative or judicial action. In Europe such governments would be called dictatorships. To apply the term "democracies" to the cradle of modern totalitarianism is stretching distinctions rather fine.

Nothing is gained by pretending that the basis of co-operation between North and South America is the necessity of preserving the "common" heritage of "democracy." Surely few Latin Americans accept the pretense without a cynical smile. At the same time it would be foolish to underestimate the economic and political activities of the totalitarian states throughout Latin America. According to German estimates (which

very likely are padded) there are 850,000 Germans in Brazil, 250,000 in Argentina, and 50,000 in Chile, together with a scattering in other Latin American states. In the three countries named there have been abortive attempts to organize the German elements politically in the interests of Germany. In the southern provinces of Brazil German agents have been active over a period of years. In Argentina this spring the government suppressed Nazi activities. But, in the main, Germany's objective has been commercial and only incidentally political. The Germans have been seeking to regain the important position they had in the trade of pre-1914 Latin America. As a matter of fact, Imperial Germany was even more active in Latin America than Nazi Germany. The purpose, then as now, was to make Germany the leading commercial nation of the world.

This same potential economic relationship exists today. Germany, in 1938, supplied 11.8 per cent of Argentina's imports, 21.1 per cent of the imports of Brazil, 19 per cent of the imports of Ecuador and Costa Rica, and 22.1 per cent of the imports of Uruguay. With the exception of Argentina, these figures show substantial gains over Germany's share of the imports of

those countries in 1913, but taking Latin America as a whole Germany has as yet hardly regained her pre-war position as supplier of Latin American industrial products. Furthermore, German statistics show a decline varying from 20 to 40 per cent in the value of Germany's shipments to leading Latin American countries for the first quarter of 1939 over the corresponding period in 1938. In view of Germany's commitments in Europe it is doubtful if her share of Latin American trade will increase much in the next few years. In other words, commercially the German "menace" is no greater today than it was a quarter century ago. There are even reasons to believe that it is daily growing less.

Nevertheless, it is necessary to face the fact that an influential German group — mostly army officers who believe in what the Germans call *Realpolitik* — definitely looks forward to the extension of the German Empire to portions of Latin America. Like the extension of German commerce, this is nothing new — Kaiser Wilhelm bombarded the custom house at Puerto Caballo in Venezuela in 1902 and, had it not been for the drastic interference of the American government, Germany almost surely would have

obtained a foothold in that country. Numerous German writers have pointed out the potential advantages to Germany of an "empire" in Latin America. But to date this has remained a theoretical, not an immediate, objective.

II

Counteracting the aims of Germany are three important factors: in the first place, the German "colonies," on which Germany seems to count for so much of the groundwork of German economic and political expansion, are being slowly but surely absorbed into the life of the nations in which they are located. The same melting-pot process that has been at work in this country is operating in Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, not to mention other Latin American countries. There are, of course, numerous leading families domiciled in those countries for a generation or more which remain staunchly German. This is notably the case in Brazil. But the rank and file tend to be lost to the *Deutschtum*. They become merged in the stock of their new homeland.

In the second place, Germany's method of financing trade through barter agreements, using the so-called Aski Mark method of pay-

ment, is not successful as a long-run policy. Under this system Germany pays for what it buys abroad with "blocked marks." Part of the bargain is that these marks cannot be sold or transferred to citizens of other nations and that they must be spent in Germany for the purchase of a restricted range of articles. It follows, therefore, that nations which have sold to Germany are limited in their purchases to certain articles. Hence they become progressively less and less anxious to trade with Germany because they cannot get from Germany many of the goods they need. This is undoubtedly one of the factors in the decline of Germany's exports to Latin America during the first part of the current year, already referred to. It is not without significance that Germany's exports to Mexico were only 20,580,000 pesos in 1938 compared with 27,367,000 pesos in 1937, and that her imports from Mexico were only 14,309,000 pesos in 1938 compared with 23,278,000 in 1937.

Finally — and this point is so obvious that it is remarkable the President's military and naval advisers have not been able to convince him of its validity — however keen Germany's ambitions to establish a foothold on this side

of the Atlantic, it would be a political and military impossibility for her to do so while Europe remains on the verge of war. Furthermore, it would be virtually unrealizable unless Germany could at the same time build up her naval strength to two or three times what it is today, and unless she could obtain a leasehold on the Canary Islands, the Cape Verdes, or the Azores. Obviously none of these eventualities is to be considered as likely to take place for a long time.

Under the circumstances it is difficult to understand why Washington has been so anxious to make the American people believe that Latin America is threatened by the totalitarian states. That these threats and dangers have been grossly exaggerated in no sense detracts from the value to the United States of establishing closer and more soundly based ties with the nations south of us. Neither does it preclude the need for efforts to counteract totalitarian propaganda. The fundamental concept of the "solidarity" of the Western Hemisphere is clearly important to all the nations of the Western World, Canada (and therefore, incidentally, the British Empire) included. Latin America produces many things we need. We produce many things the Latin Americans

want. The exports of the United States to Latin America amounted to about \$1,400,000,000 in 1929, and today are at about half that figure. The imports were even greater. Upwards of \$3,000,000,000 of American money has been poured into Latin America in productive enterprises of various kinds, including mines, oil properties, railroads, plantations, and industries. Nearly \$1,500,000,000 were loaned by American investors to Latin American governments. There is still much pioneering to be done in Latin America. Latin Americans need American capital and American technical assistance. They want American loans and American trade.

But this friendship can only be maintained on a basis of *mutual* respect. The good neighbor policy must be two-way — not merely a gesture of abnegation on the part of the United States. Secretary Hull has a realistic understanding of the importance of this, but unfortunately some Administration advisers have urged on him courses which are seriously weakening America's position in Latin America. So obsessed are they with the mistaken idea that good will can be bought that, in order to curry favor in Latin America, they have not only surrendered long-estab-

lished American prerogatives, such as the Platt Amendment respecting Cuba and the right to occupy Panama territory in the event of an emergency to defend the Panama Canal, but have also failed to stand up for the legitimate interests of Americans in Latin America, lest doing so would cause our Latin American neighbors to charge the government of the United States with being "unneighborly."

III

Specifically, the Roosevelt Administration did nothing for two years when the property of the Standard Oil Company was seized in Bolivia, in defiance of international law. When, a year later, Mexico expropriated (without compensation to date) the properties of various American oil companies, the Administration sat back and waited. Then the President, in a press conference shortly after this seizure, made statements which were interpreted throughout Latin America as a veiled but sympathetic endorsement of Mexico's course. From that moment on, it was obvious that the State Department's hands were tied. Any protests it might make were regarded by the Mexican government as for the record only. President Car-

denas and his advisers acted on the assumption that the American government would do nothing to protect American rights. Whenever anyone suggested that the State Department should take a "stronger" position, American liberals echoed the agonized indignation of Mexican officials about the blow that such action would be to the good neighbor policy.

That Mr. Roosevelt was inclined towards this course by his political philosophy is aside from the point. What counts is the effect of his actions on our Latin American neighbors, and therefore upon the German-American economic contest in Latin America. When the President of the United States implies that American business interests in Latin America are undeserving of support and when, as happened in June of this year, he states specifically that loans made by American bankers were "ancient frauds of the twenties" and that the bankers themselves were responsible for the defaults — an assertion that is unfounded in fact — the Mexican government cannot be blamed for feeling that there is no particular need for it to compensate the American oil companies, and other debtor governments are justified in drawing the conclusion that outstanding loans

no longer need be regarded even as book debts. Since the capitalist order of economic relationships is still dominant in the world, pulling the props from under it in elementary international affairs can only create more instability and disorder, in which the very ideologies we presumably wish to circumvent will flourish more easily.

To make matters even worse, Mr. Roosevelt's spokesmen have implied that if the purchase of foreign silver were discontinued this would have two consequences in Mexico — interruption of negotiations for the return of the oil properties, and the probable confiscation of American mining properties in Mexico. The amazing thing is that the advisers who used these arguments failed to see that they were virtually acquiescing in a form of international blackmail. What they were saying was, in so many words, that the Treasury must continue to pay the Mexican government millions of dollars a month in order to prevent American mining properties being seized by that government and insure the continuation of negotiations by the Mexican government for the payment of the confiscated oil properties. In plain English, the American government was to bribe the Mexican government not to seize

any more American properties and to pay for those already taken.

It requires little more than a superficial understanding of Latin America to see that such a course invites similar acts of blackmail by other countries. It says to the Latin American world, in effect, "The American government is not willing to stand up for its just rights and, if sufficiently threatened, will gladly pay so as to avoid further infringements of its rights." The Latin American response to this is outward applause, covering profound contempt. Such fundamental damage to the prestige of the United States in this hemisphere scarcely improves our chances of meeting German inroads, commercially or politically. There is a vast difference between mutual neighborliness and panicky escape from realities. Far from heading off the Nazi-fascist type of propaganda, the humbling of Uncle Sam in the eyes of Latin American nations — nearly all of them essentially dictatorial — puts Germany in a decidedly advantageous position.

It is regrettable that the President, whose basic impulse in developing the "good neighbor policy" was sound, did not follow it through to its logical conclusion and see that without active govern-

ment support for legitimate American investments in Latin America, there can be no real good neighborliness. If the good neighbor policy is to thrive, it cannot serve as a shield behind which Latin American governments can undermine North American interests. Unless the State Department defends these interests, it will lose the respect of its neighbors. It will have a fine rhetorical friendship, concealing the reality of our economic defeat in Latin America — leaving a vacuum that will be filled by Germany and others.

The good neighbor policy rests on more than words and aspirations. Its roots must be in the realities of economics. The Americas need each other. The countries south of the Rio Grande want capital and industrial products from the United States. In exchange, these Latin American countries have raw materials which the United States needs. Here is the foundation of that sound commercial co-operation which is essential to the successful functioning of the good neighbor policy. The basis of economic co-operation must be fair play and mutual respect, including due regard for legitimate rights lawfully acquired by all parties. European war makes the logic of this clearer than ever.

LUNACY: RIGHT AND LEFT

BEFORE —

The reactionaries openly speculate that the Soviet Union may try to beat Chamberlain at his own game by joining hands with Hitler. But even those who hate the land of socialism cannot believe it, when they see that the Soviet Union alone rounds up the traitorous agents of Hitler within its own land, and puts them beyond all possibility of doing any more of their wrecking, spying and diversions for fascism.

— Earl Browder, November 14, 1938.

The whispered lies to the effect that the Soviet Union will enter into a treaty of understanding with Nazi Germany are nothing but poison spread by the enemies of peace and democracy, the appeasement mongers, the Munich-men of fascism.

— *Daily Worker*, May 26, 1939.

Question from audience: Is there any possibility, as has been often suggested, of the Soviet Union entering into an agreement with Germany?

Comrade Browder: The most active source of such rumors is Berlin, which has hopes of confusing the democracies with such stories. There is about as much chance of such an agreement as of Earl Browder being elected

An understanding between the constructive Third Reich and the blood-thirsty Bolsheviks who rule in the Kremlin is an utter impossibility. Such a fantastic notion could only arise in the diseased mind of a scribbler for the democratic press.

— *Völkischer Beobachter*, April 3, 1939.

Rumors that Germany will enter into a pact with Communist Russia are part of a campaign to smear Hitler with the communist brush.

— Fritz Kuhn, leader of the German-American Bund.

The rumor that our Führer will someday join hands with the Jewish Bolsheviks of Soviet Russia must have originated in the filthy political sewers of Paris. As long as we remain National Socialists, true to our ideals, there can never be any commerce between Nordic Germany and Asiatic Russia.

— *Essener Nationalzeitung*, December 11, 1938.

The former Russia, divested of the German upper stratum, is, entirely aside from its new rulers' private plans, no ally for a struggle of the German nation for freedom. . . . We should never forget that the regents of present-day Russia are blood-

president of the American Chamber of Commerce.

— Proceedings, Institute of Public Affairs, Charlottesville, Va., July 5, 1939.

. . . the filthy falsehood that the Soviet Union was considering an agreement with . . . the bestial Nazi regime.

— *Daily Worker*, Jan. 1939.

— AND AFTER :

The Soviet Union has always expressed itself in the friendliest terms towards the German people. The pact is an expression of that friendliness.

— Earl Browder in a press conference, August 24, 1939.

For the first time the Soviet authorities displayed the swastika banner (on the arrival of von Ribbentrop for the signing of the pact) five of which flew from the airdrome building but which were placed so as not to be visible from the outside.

— *New York Times* dispatch from Moscow, August 24, 1939.

Tories and reactionaries are trying to confuse you with the Stalin peace pact. There's nothing to be confused about. Simply have faith in Stalin, the leader of the world proletariat, and everything will be all right.

— Soap-box orator, Columbus Circle, New York, August 26, 1939.

All attacks on Nazi Germany over the Soviet radio stations ceased abruptly yesterday.

— INS dispatch from Berlin, August 23, 1939.

stained, low criminals . . . that the international Jew, who today rules Russia absolutely, sees in Germany, not an ally, but a State marked for the same destiny. But one does not conclude a treaty with some one whose sole interest is the destruction of his partner.

— Adolf Hitler, in *Mein Kampf*.

I have never been against Stalin or the Soviet Union, only against international communism.

— Fritz Kuhn to the *New York Post*, August 22, 1939.

Nazi civil service officials jokingly greeted each other today by saying: 'Heil Hitler — Red Front!' A few days ago such levity would have meant the concentration camp.

— AP dispatch from Berlin, August 23, 1939.

You are going to be confused by the pact. That's part of the Jewish plan. But keep your faith and you will be all right.

— George E. Deatherage, national leader of the Knights of the White Camellias, quoted in the *New York Post*, August 24, 1939.

An orchestra played the *Internationale*, rallying song of Communism, in a large Berlin midtown cafe. All patrons stood as soon as they recognized the piece.

— UP dispatch from Berlin, August 25, 1939.

(Compiled by Charles Yale Harrison)

ARE YOU THE SUICIDE TYPE?

BY JOHN HOLLAND CASSITY, M.D.

THE pretty young woman who jumped in front of a subway train; the old man around the corner who turned on the gas; the retired police captain who turned his revolver on himself; the broker who jumped from the twenty-eighth floor window; the brilliant refugee dramatist who hanged himself. . . . Is there any common element in their physical or psychological constitution which might justify the much-used, much-abused phrase "suicide type"? Can a psychiatrist experienced in successful and unsuccessful suicide attempts look you over and diagnose you as a potential suicide?

For fourteen years I have studied suicide phenomena from an unusual vantage point — a great New York hospital. Thousands of suicide cases have come under my observation. On the basis of this extensive study I feel justified in asserting that, aside from cases of sheer manic-depressive insanity, there is no such thing as a "suicide type." Statistics and personal investigation make it possible to classify

immediate causes; they reveal curious facts relating to suicidal tendencies in age groups, and the predominance of particular causes in certain sex and age groups. But none of these circumstances can be reasonably interpreted as revealing a "suicide type." My conclusion is that suicide is a kind of emotional accident; something that may happen to anybody under given conditions.

In other words, suicide appears to be the individual's reaction to certain sets of circumstances beyond his control. This cannot be stated as an absolute fact or supported statistically, for the people who could furnish the most reliable statistics have departed this sphere, taking their information with them. The only cases that come under psychiatric observation are the failures and the fakes — those who have been rescued at the last moment, and therefore have a reason for wishing to conceal the true nature of their difficulties, and those who have made the attempt in order to impress others, and

have not the slightest intention of admitting it.

Even among the observed cases, however, there are many in which no single simple reason can be assigned. Manic-depressive unbalance, which is a matter of degree, may lie behind some other apparent cause. Or the causes may be exceedingly complex; a man who apparently kills himself because business is bad may actually commit the act for an obscure reason which we shall never learn. There has been little effort to investigate the problem in the United States, and the statistics we have from foreign countries show such sharp variations from American experience as to lead to the deduction that the cultural pattern has a preponderating influence. The excellent compilations of thousands of European cases — by Durkheim and Halbwachs, for example — show single persons outnumbering the married among suicides in the proportion of 3:2 for all cases. In American cases the married far outnumber the single; in New York City by as much as 4:1.

Essentially, then, research in suicide is a matter of national and even local observation. Yet within the field thus limited it is not difficult to obtain agreements among

the figures and proportions, and the figures obtained by New York observation would seem to hold fairly well throughout the country.

In a large hospital serving approximately one-third of New York's population, 816 cases of attempted suicide were admitted during the year ending in March 1939. This would indicate about 2500 failures in suicidal attempts during the year for the whole city. Actually this figure is far too low, since it fails to take into account the numerous cases cared for and treated in private institutions or at home. A more reasonable estimate would place the total failures in suicidal attempts at over 3000 for the city for the year. This agrees very well with statistics from various sources which show about three attempts for every successful suicide. In other words very nearly 8 persons in every 10,000 can be counted on to try suicide; and about 2 will succeed.

Roughly 65 per cent of the 816 admissions listed as suicidal attempts were subsequently discharged as recovered. Most of them, had they not been chance victims of severe emotional strain resulting from unfortunate circumstances, might never have thought of this method of escape. Of the remaining 35 per cent, too

distraught to be safely at large, 20 per cent were diagnosed as cases of manic-depressive psychosis, and form a distinct group. Among the most frequent diagnoses made upon the 15 per cent remaining were senile psychosis, depressed type (that is, melancholy of the aged); hardening of the arteries of the brain; and alcoholic psychosis (the attempt to escape from the terrifying hallucinations of alcohol). All are to a certain extent mental maladies of the aged and all three tend to run into each other to such an extent that isolation is difficult in any given case.

II

It would be comparatively easy to refer nearly all suicides and suicidal attempts to one group or the other, particularly since the average of general statistics, European and American, shows that 67 per cent of all attempted suicides take place at ages over 50. Perhaps it is true that one or the other often plays a part, but the idea is one to be received with extreme caution. It should be noted that the manic-depressives who must be kept under restraint form a very low percentage of the whole, and even among them melancholia, the psychosis from which they suffer, may

often be a reaction to exterior circumstances.

Is there anything in the behavior of the larger group, the 65 per cent, classified as temporary or "reactive depressives," that would lead anyone, even a mental specialist, to *anticipate* the attempt at suicide? As a rule there is not. The act is almost invariably an impulsive one, the immediate cause one of minor importance. Those around the subjects notice nothing except that the patient "seemed worried, a little nervous," and so on. Nor do interviews with patients reveal anything. It is the fashion among psychoanalysts to claim that there is always a motive deeper than the one avowed by the patient. I find this true only in the deeply melancholic types on the borderline of the manic-depressive, if not actually within that classification. The attribution of all cases to this cause is of no help in studying the type of immediate frustration or depression that produces an attempt at suicide.

Among the genuine suicide situations, money and emotional trouble by far outnumber all other causes, accounting for perhaps 80 per cent of the whole. Physical illness, in the form of tuberculosis, cancer, heart disease, or other long and wearing maladies, forms a bad third to these

two leading causes. There is a not inconsiderable group of suicides caused by shame, such as cases of illegitimate pregnancy (which ought perhaps to be classified with the emotional cases), or the trusted employee who has been detected in a defalcation.

Following these causes comes a long range of suicides due to rarely recurring and special situations. A trapped criminal turns his gun on himself in a panic, for instance; an imprisoned man goes "stir-crazy" and hangs himself; a policeman, honor man in the department, shoots his wife and himself because of premature impotence; a highly intellectual doctor decides that, on a philosophical basis, life is not worth living. The local character of the causes is indicated by the fact that we almost never have to deal with the suicide of pure cultural custom, like the ritual *seppuku* of the Japanese or the cases reported by Dr. Malinowski from the Trobriand Islands where brothers and sisters who have contemplated incest leap from the tops of bamboo trees. There are occasional brief waves of suicides that follow each other like chains of firecrackers through some obscure mob psychosis, like the spectacular series of self-destructions that followed the publication of the

Gloomy Sunday song in Hungary, or the similar wave of college-student suicides in the United States a few years ago.

In assaying the situations that produce suicide it is possible to make sharp distinctions along the lines of age, sex, and other groupings. (Religion appears to be unimportant — Catholics, Protestants, and Jews in America produce suicides approximately in their proportion to the total population.) Blighted or unrequited love is the predominant factor among women suicides under 30 by such a large margin that all the other causes have small significance in this group. Parental pressure regarding morals or social activities is often a potent element here, especially among girls of foreign-born parents. On the other hand, men under 30 are less affected by love affairs than by economic problems and thwarted ambitions; and among men over 30 business and professional worries come to play an overwhelmingly important role, though in this classification lowered physical resistance or illness often appears as a contributing factor, and sometimes a major one.

It is important to digress here. In spite of the prominence of the economic motive for suicide, especially among older men, the suicide situation apparently remains an

individual matter. One would expect to find a marked increase in the suicide rate, especially among men, after 1929. Such an increase is, in fact, shown by statistics from every locality in which reliable records are kept. But further examination discloses that the increase has been almost constant since 1925, continuing uninterrupted through the boom that preceded the 1929 debacle. Similarly there was a slow, constant rise in the suicide rate from 1901 through 1906; but 1907, the year of a financial panic, actually saw the rate fall off.

Women over 35 as a rule are concerned with the success of the marital set-up, or if single, with the attainment of emotional satisfaction in their love-life. In either case, the dangerline as far as suicide is concerned is that of the menopause, both married and single women being beset with a realization that their period of fertility (construed by them as usefulness) is at an end. At this point an emotional frustration, always difficult for a woman to bear, may become a major crisis.

III

There is also a strong element of the spectacular, almost of exhibitionism, in most suicides, as though

the act were one last effort to attract the attention, consideration, or sympathy denied to the patient. This is especially true in the age group under 30, where 11 per cent of the total attempts appear, and where the largest proportion of fake suicide attempts also occurs. The outright exhibitionism of the man who perched on a skyscraper ledge for hours while New York gaped in horror is still fresh in memory.

In lesser measure the same impulse can be detected in hundreds of suicides — especially those that do not succeed. The would-be suicide threatens dramatically to destroy himself, and at the same time begs to be saved. There is no more ineffective method of self-destruction than iodine, especially when taken publicly — which explains why it figures so extensively in make-believe suicides. The suicide who really means business prefers gas to all other methods. Hanging follows, then jumping from buildings and taking poison, with other methods, even shooting, comparatively negligible.

Local and cultural changes are emphasized in other ways by the statistics. Halbwachs and Durkheim show the proportion of men suicides to women in Europe as 2:1. But New York experience brings

the proportion of women far higher, about 3:2 in favor of the men. Perhaps this reflects the steadily increasing economic importance of American women and their consequent involvement in the situations of the business world; but it is enough to make one receive with circumspection other European statistics, and in at least one case these turn out flatly contradictory to American experience. Durkheim and Halbwachs make the Teutonic race show a far higher rate of suicide than any other; in pre-war Germany the suicide rate was nearly double that of any South European country. But among the New York cases, those with Teutonic antecedents are practically nil, while those of South European emigrants show a relatively high suicide rate.

The apparent anomalies in purely American statistics are more easily explained. The lowest suicide rate is in New England, with its settled and relatively unchanging population; New York's is nearly 50 per cent higher. New York's rate is, in turn, nearly doubled by that of San Francisco, which has a rate of 27 per 100,000, and nearly tripled in San Diego, which has the highest suicide rate in the country. Perhaps this is because California's in-

habitants as a whole are older than that of any other section of the country, for all statisticians of the subject are agreed in showing suicide highest among the older-age groups.

What conclusions can be drawn from this conglomeration of facts and figures? Very few, I admit. They give us little help in solving the problem of suicide. Like any other manifestation of human behavior, the suicidal tendency is determined essentially by the original native physical equipment of an individual — that is, the nervous, glandular, or organic make-up — plus the influences of environment. It is a tendency that cannot be detected before it is manifested, naturally, and it may assert itself where it is least expected. Under the pressure of extreme economic trouble, incurable disease, unrequited love, bereavement, or a combination of these, the vague idea may crystallize into action. The whole subject has been inadequately studied. Of the thousands of cases that I have myself examined, at least three-quarters, I am convinced, could have been diverted with proper consultation, whether with a religious mentor, sympathetic friend, or intelligent physician.

STARS OVER BROADWAY

BY GRENVILLE VERNON

THE theatre is always dying and always being saved. Last season the savior galloped to the rescue just as the Broadway theatre was turning up its toes. He arrived in the persons of Maurice Evans in *Henry IV* and *Hamlet*, Raymond Massey in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, Robert Morley in *Oscar Wilde*, Katharine Cornell in *No Time for Comedy*, Tallulah Bankhead in *The Little Foxes*, Katharine Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story*, Fredric March in *The American Way*, Walter Huston in *Knickerbocker Holiday*, and Ethel Waters in *Mamba's Daughters*. This savior was The Star. After a couple of decades in which the actor had an obscure back seat, he was crowned once more, to the huzzas of theatre lovers. Even critics are beginning to recognize that stars shine again on Broadway, and that the star system is reborn.

At the turn of the century the star system was in its glory. Though the intelligentsia wailed that art was being sacrificed to the vanity of leading actors, the public

demanding stars. The leading actor — not the playwright or the director — counted, and the play was emphatically *not* the thing. There is, of course, small doubt that this arrangement did not make for vital drama, and the complaints of the *cognoscenti* finally had their effect. The play became the thing, and the star was practically eliminated.

The Theatre Guild arose as symbol of the new dispensation. Its casts, as a whole, down to the player of the smallest bit, possessed an unequalled distinction. The playwright was enthroned; the scenic designer given due credit — the names of Robert Edmond Jones, Norman Bel Geddes, Lee Simonson, and Jo Mielziner became household words. On top of this there emerged a new school of American writers, far removed from the playsmiths of the previous generation. It included Eugene O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson, Robert Sherwood, Philip Barry, Sidney Howard, S. N. Behrman. The New York theatre became the most vital

in the world in the variety of its plays, the ability of its dramatists, and the genius of its designers.

But there was a worm in the bud — the movies. As long as the movies were dumb the worm didn't grow, and Broadway, which still preferred speech to pantomime, prospered. In the 1920s theatres went up like mushrooms. Often there were more than sixty plays on view at one time. Money was plentiful, and theatre enthusiasts took in three or four shows a week. In "the sticks" movies were already a menace, partly because greedy and short-sighted managers sent out inferior casts of Broadway plays. But in New York the goose hung high. There were still a few stars — John Drew, Sothorn and Marlowe, Otis Skinner, Walter Hampden, the Barrymores — but they no longer dominated the theatre.

In time, however, the talkies made it necessary for actors to speak lines, and this took intelligence — a quality not strikingly evident in pre-depression Hollywood. A few of the oldtimers learned how to speak, the others faded from the scene, and Hollywood turned to the place where actors knew their jobs — the stage.

Against the Hollywood salaries and certainty of employment the

legitimate theatre was powerless. The migration of the actor to the Coast began. In two seasons Broadway lost half its most popular players; two seasons more and the figure rose to two-thirds. It was not to be wondered at. The movies with all their false standards, hypocrisy, and pretentiousness at least gave plays which often admitted the grand manner in acting. And they prospered; the public loves the grand manner, just as it loves glamour, beautiful costumes, and high sentiments. The movies took over the outmoded star system — not only Broadway stars like the Barrymores but lesser figures like Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, Margaret Sullavan, and Katharine Hepburn. Stars fading from the legitimate firmament crowded to Hollywood, and the public was once more able to worship at the altar of personalities.

With the departure of its stars, Broadway declined. It became increasingly difficult to cast plays there; and Broadway playwrights — now, with the departure of the stars, the center of their stage — wrote plays about the underprivileged, projecting through them ideas of political and economic reform. They speedily found out, however, that playgoers wanted

none of the propaganda play; and when they turned back to writing brilliant parts for brilliant actors, in accordance with the public's wish, they found that the actors had gone.

Throughout all this the New York critics held the theatre to higher standards than ever before. New York audiences became harder than ever to please — and less and less typical of theatregoers in other parts of the country. The result was fewer Broadway plays and a tremendous reduction in the number of touring, or "road," companies. Theatregoing was confined to the sophisticated, and while the critics were hailing the American theatre as the most vital in the world, the American public was abandoning it for the movies.

The irony here is that the films, rather than the legitimate theatre, have been true to the basic spirit of the theatre. They remembered that the public loves stars above all else. The actor's old domination of the theatre had not always been fortunate. But reform was needed, not the actor's subordination to the designer or playwright. The star should have been shown that good surrounding parts have been proved to help rather than stultify.

Most of the stars who remained

in the theatre learned this lesson. The Lunts, Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes — all appeared in plays of literary merit and surrounded themselves with able supporting casts. The public responded enthusiastically. It was probably the realization of this last which made Katharine Hepburn dare to become again a legitimate actress, and her success in this year's *The Philadelphia Story* was her reward. The same triumph was scored by two other movie stars — Fredric March in *The American Way* and Walter Huston in *Knickerbocker Holiday*. It was these recruits from Hollywood, with Mr. Morley, Mr. Evans, Mr. Massey, Miss Cornell, Miss Bankhead, and Miss Waters, who raised last season's New York theatre from the slough of despond. It marked the return of The Star, who clearly is destined for another period of ascendancy.

More and more it is evident that only stars can bring back the great public to the American theatre. The public goes today, as it always has, to see personalities. It has welcomed back the legitimate theatre with open arms. But to profit from this public, the theatre must return to where it began — to the actor. And the apotheosis of the actor is the star.

HOOCH AND HOMICIDE IN MISSISSIPPI

BY CRADDOCK GOINS

MISSISSIPPI's capital rates among the South's cleanest, most progressive cities. It is a thriving metropolis of 60,000, named for Andrew Jackson and boasting fine churches and high religious spirit. Blue laws are so rigid that you can't see a Shirley Temple picture on Sunday. Drug stores are closed during church services and it is unlawful to blow auto horns at any time. With fine parks, playgrounds, youth movements, and no slums, Jackson exudes an incense of high public morality. Yet for the past five years the city has been paying heavy tribute to a horde of gamblers, bootleggers, fugitives, paroled convicts, and pistol-whipping thugs recruited from every center of national crime. Blood has flowed freely in Jackson and vicinity. At least two men have been murdered and a sheriff has been badly beaten. A matron committed suicide; a highly respected businessman blew out his brains; others have gone bankrupt. Homes and hearts have been wrecked. Altogether Jackson, despite its blue laws and its air of

civic virtue, may lay claim to harboring this country's most concentrated area of wickedness.

Governor Hugh L. White, a 250-pound lumberman and a sincere Dry in practice and principle, has been unable to dry up this Gomorrah, even with the armed might of his national guard. This despite the fact that the center of Jackson's Barbary Coast is separated from the capital city only by a minor swamp stream called Pearl River — little more than a stone's throw from the venerable state-house where, thirty-one years ago, Mississippi passed the driest dry law ever enacted.

Everybody laughed some years ago when Will Rogers observed that Mississippi will always be dry "so long as the voters can stagger to the polls." That witticism has been the favorite toast of a state that annually swallows more than 6,000,000 gallons of alcoholic beverages — about three gallons for every man, woman, and child in the state. Voting dry and drinking wet is taken for granted. One eminent

jurist justifies this condition as "the right to drink my whiskey without the stigma of legality."

But another Mississippian has little patience with the soaking-wet temperance. He is L. J. Folse, executive director of the Mississippi State Planning Commission, a fire-eating, hard-fisted, straight-talking, French-descent immigrant from Louisiana. Mr. Folse has issued a report bluntly describing bone-dry, Bible-belt Mississippi as the world's Number One crime center. Although he doesn't mention prohibition, his report is no comfort to those who insist a state can be made dry and virtuous by inscribing wishes on statute books. It says in part:

There is no place in the world where homicides are more prevalent than in Mississippi. In 1935 the homicide rate in Mississippi was higher than the homicide rate of any other country in the world, be it classed as civilized or uncivilized, religious or pagan, Christian or heathen. Such a record is an indictment of the state. In 1935 there were 515 homicides in Mississippi, with the homicide rate of 26.2 for 100,000 population. Florida, with a homicide rate of 25.1, was second to Mississippi, and New Hampshire with a homicide rate of 1.0 was the lowest among the states. It is interesting to note that the homicide rate in Mississippi was 26 times greater than that of Maine.

Apparently without connection, this report came about the same

time the state was shocked by exposures described by a Supreme Court brief as "lawlessness, open and violent, in its most flagrant form." This lawlessness centered around Jackson's Barbary Coast — known locally as the Gold Coast. Poetic license was badly strained in arriving at that name. There is no coast except the hogwallows of the river banks, but plenty of gold crosses those banks to the pockets of the most brazen clique of cut-throats and bootleggers that ever defied the law.

II

The Gold Coast is within a half-mile radius. It consists of thirty-five or forty crude structures, outwardly like cheap tourist cabins, despite the carnival effect of floodlights. It is not unusual to find a shack costing \$50 housing a \$1500 bar and lavish gambling equipment over which Mississippians passed as much as \$50,000 a week, according to estimates of the Jackson Chamber of Commerce.

Coast operators sneer at the estimates. They declare the Chamber of Commerce is too modest — that they have fleeced victims of this much on a week-end. Their claim is bolstered by reports of the State Highway Patrol that Sunday

crowds on the Gold Coast are far greater than church attendance.

The cream of Mississippi society spends many a witch's sabbath there, along with salaried men, wage hands, working girls, and plowboys. Strumpets and debutantes stand shoulder to shoulder at the crap tables and roulette wheels. Law-enforcement officials frequently are there in crap-shooting companionship with jailbirds. Negroes are segregated, but often a plantation landlord shoots dice with only a thin pine board between him and his cotton-pickers. It is nothing unusual for a police-court judge to swig liquor and gamble on the Coast one night and in court the next morning fine drunks who swigged at the same bar with him. Some of the state's most prominent citizens have mortgaged homes to follow the galloping dominoes and spinning wheels of the outlaw city. Housewives have dropped the family's grocery money. Bankers have flirted passionately with Lady Luck — and *somebody's* money. Public officials from all over the state have gathered to argue about temperance, politics, and drawing to inside straights.

Jackson is connected with this glorified mud-hollow Monte Carlo by the half-mile-long Woodrow Wilson Memorial Bridge. One

Jackson minister advocated destruction of the bridge "before it can destroy the moral life of the community." A cynic promptly replied that the city had no moral life, that whiskey is bootlegged freely in and all around the capital city itself. His point, as the gentlemen of the legislature would say, was well taken — and nobody should know better than those same Mississippi legislators who for many years have been backing up the state's dry laws at the capitol by day and gleefully breaking them into little tiny pieces in wild night revels at Jackson hotels and hot spots. It is generally understood that several legislators are financially interested in Gold Coast gambling joints; certainly many are frequent patrons.

A man named Pat Hudson was the first to see possibilities of lucrative gambling near the junction of two federal highways across the river from Jackson. Prior to that time, in 1934, there were only a collection of gasoline filling stations, a couple of hot dog stands, and a half dozen corn-liquor peddlers. After national repeal a man named Sam Seaney correctly figured that Jackson's lively political life would go for Scotch whiskey after being limited to Mississippi's unstandardized moonshine. His

place, The Jeep, became wholesale liquor headquarters of the outlaw city. Others swarmed in from Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, Hot Springs, and other centers. From Arkansas came 300-pound Doc Steed, with a cherubic smile, jail record, and the most elaborate gambling layout of all.

At the foot of Woodrow Wilson bridge, Doc threw up The Blue Peacock to catch the cream of the pickings first. Ernest Rogers held sway at a hot spot called The Oaks. Doc Burnham fitted himself into the lively community. From the beginning it was a cold-blooded proposition of separating sucker and pelt. Evil-faced thugs greeted businessmen who carried — and left — big bankrolls. Hired men dropped salaries. Shopgirls spent every cent. The only law the Gold Coast ever upholds is never give a sucker any sort of break.

A strong-arm plug-ugly who operated there for a year was beetle-browed Wayne Queen. Paroled after being sentenced to five years for grand larceny, Queen actually became a law-enforcement officer in DeSoto County, Miss., near the Tennessee line. He served as deputy sheriff by day and filled in at night as a hot-spot bouncer. One night in Memphis he was run down by policemen in a

spectacular chase after his automobile was riddled with bullets. "It's all right," he calmly told the police. "I'm a deputy sheriff. This is my sheriff's car." He was taken to jail, released on bond, and soon was sheltered on the Gold Coast, where he helped uphold the law of the lawless until Governor White's investigators caught up with him. The governor revoked his parole, ordered him back to the State Prison Farm. Queen quickly disappeared, and at this writing he is still wanted.

Everybody thinks the sheriff of Rankin County, who had responsibility for law and order on the Gold Coast, was doing his best. Sheriff J. V. Therrell, a stocky little man with iron-gray hair, at first tried to do something. But as fast as he padlocked places, operators put up other shacks near by. In raiding one resort the sheriff had his scalp laid open with a beer bottle, then was beaten up. He lay several weeks in a hospital, much of the time unconscious. Only too glad to forget it all when his term expired, Therrell now says: "Please leave me out of all this mess."

Governor White has studied the Gold Coast problem from the time he took office in 1936. His dream was a nationwide advertis-

ing campaign to attract industries and tourists to Mississippi. The Gold Coast was embarrassing to an administration dedicated to national good will. For a time the governor contented himself with friendly warnings. The public laughed; the retail credit association yawned; the Coast operators smirked; the Chamber of Commerce shrugged.

There was every reason to believe the Gold Coast would be thronged with customers Saturday night, November 13, 1937. But it wasn't when Major T. B. Birdsong, Commissioner of Public Safety, raided it with one hundred national guardsmen. They found some whiskey, a few customers, and many unattended gaming tables. On December 8, 1937, Chancellor A. B. Amis dismissed bills of complaint, holding the search by troops was unconstitutional. Although he assessed fines totaling \$16,000, the operators were free to go and sin plenty more.

The state awaited an expression from its capital. It soon came, from Thomas M. Hederman, editor of the Jackson *Daily Clarion-Ledger*, long renowned as "Deacon Tom." This life-long prohibition leader editorially denounced the governor as a would-be dictator, "in the name of the decent people of

Mississippi." Since "Deacon Tom" was president of the Chamber of Commerce, things looked glum for the governor. Even his personal friend and ardent supporter, Major Frederick Sullens, editor of the Jackson *Daily News*, joined in the good-natured jibes thrown at the statehouse. He editorially consoled with the executive on "the utter futility of trying to stop the liquor traffic in and around Jackson."

III

On April 18, 1938 the Mississippi Supreme Court ruled that the governor had a right to use state troops in a situation described by Justice Virgil Griffith as "liquor and gambling in their most vicious forms." That seemed to give the governor his turn to laugh. He didn't. He silently watched business on the Coast boom. Gamblers went on scooping their money, beating squawking victims, shielding criminals — and openly advertising in Jackson newspapers!

Pulpit storms followed. Ministers deplored. Petitions assailed the governor. Finally a high cry arose from Jackson merchants. The Gold Coast was cutting deeply into their trade. Pre-holiday business suddenly folded up. Housewives who usually laid in amply for Santa

Claus were leaving their funds on bingo tables. The preachers had aggressive allies. Merchants joined them in a mass meeting, and publicly declared they would discharge any employee found on the Gold Coast. They formed the Hinds County Better Citizenship League. The Chamber of Commerce invited the governor to a conference. He grimly accepted. "Deacon Tom" had just a few days before been succeeded by Thomas W. Crockett, a utility executive. The governor read a copy of "Deacon Tom's" editorial at the conference. He scored public indifference. But he was willing to try again if assured of community support.

That assurance was given in a remarkable document which condemned the Gold Coast as "a menace to the . . . city because of disturbing the moral and spiritual fiber — *and removal of \$40,000 to \$50,000 a week from legitimate channels of trade.*" There was no doubting the merchants' earnestness regarding their trade. Five national guard officers headed by Adjutant-General John O'Keefe took the bad news to Ghent. They were expected. With empty halls and bottles the operators yawningly heard General O'Keefe say

they must be good. Then they all talked about the weather.

Many raids have been made since. Some buildings have been mysteriously burned. Sam Seaney has paid whopping big fines. For finally the city of Jackson went into action. Being outside the city limits — indeed, in another county entirely — the Gold Coast was not chiefly Jackson's responsibility. But feeling the pressure of Jackson merchants, Mayor Walter A. Scott, who for more than twenty years has exercised a tight little autocracy over Mississippi's capital city, finally had Doc Steed picked up on charges of vagrancy and carrying concealed weapons.

Doc promptly forfeited his bond. The mayor sighed; the church leaders subsided; and whiskey continues to flow — in Jackson, through Jackson, all around Jackson, and particularly on the Gold Coast. Doc is back at business at the same old stand. The Blue Peacock continues to attract suckers. Doc carries an occasional ad in the Jackson papers. One such appeared recently next to an interview in which a leading dry official was quoted as being proud and happy "that the city's moral life at last is safe."

► *This MERCURY MINIATURE presents
another lusty Yankee Original—*

MOLLY PITCHER: HARDBOILED HEROINE

BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

HER war service record is decidedly brief. Bravery matching hers can be cited for pioneer women in Indian fights, female spies in the Civil War, and valiant nurses in other conflicts. Yet the woman called Molly Pitcher, by reason of her gallant deeds at the Battle of Monmouth in 1778, stands forth as the foremost American military heroine. The fact that her deeds are set in the glorious legendry of the American Revolution gives them heightened dramatic value.

Mary Ludwig Hays McCauley — the last two being married names — is how you will find her listed in the indices. Her parents emigrated from the Palatinate, Germany, in 1730, and Molly was born on her father's dairy farm near Trenton, N. J., in 1754. The family was real Pennsylvania "Dutch" and Molly spent most of her life in Penn's Woods. In her early 'teens she became a servant in the household of Dr. William Irvine, a prominent citizen of Carlisle, Pa.

Later artists and commentators pictured Molly as the conventional

heroine: slim, graceful, beautiful. Contemporaries are more realistic. They describe a strapping, lusty wench, short, thick-set, ruddy of complexion, and brusque in manner. Mistress Irvine did not long enjoy the comfort of her serving-maid. A young barber, John Caspar Hays, kept a shop in Carlisle, and Molly, at 16, up and married him.

But she returned into domestic service when her husband enlisted in the First Pennsylvania Regiment of Artillery in December 1775. The young wife must have watched the artillerymen drilling, since she later demonstrated familiarity with loading, laying, firing, and sponging-out a cannon. After a year Hays transferred to the infantry. His new outfit, the Seventh Pennsylvania Regiment of the Continental Line, was stationed near Trenton in the winter of '77-'78, and Molly again left her job and went to her parents' farm. From there she was able to join her husband and become one of the throng of women-about-camp, wedded wives and otherwise, who in the cosier conditions

of warfare in that epoch cooked, nursed the sick, sewed, and generally made the soldiery comfortable.

There is no record that General Washington objected. But in June, Sir Henry Clinton, holding Philadelphia for George III, was suddenly embarrassed by an excess of camp women. Having received orders to march to New York, he attempted to send the bulk of the women and baggage by sea. The women refused to obey. When Sir Henry moved out with a train of 1500 wagons, a large and riotous female contingent followed; they were determined to stick close to troops who, out of sight, might fall into the hands of New York hussies. When Sir Henry ordered them deprived of rations as a punishment, the girls gaily looted the countryside.

The Americans intercepted the slow-moving British near Freehold, Monmouth County, N. J., on June twenty-eighth, a torrid, sizzling day. The attack was led by General Charles Lee who, at his request, superseded Lafayette. The Americans, lean, hard, and ragged from Valley Forge, smashed in the rear of the enemy, soft from good living in Philadelphia and sweltering in their heavy, ornate uniforms. Then, for a reason he never convincingly

explained, Lee ordered a retreat (this day would bring him disgrace and dismissal from the army). On his order the Continentals faltered. British cannon ripped their ranks; tall grenadiers, Hessians, hard-riding dragoons turned on them savagely and drove them back. But regiments under Mad Anthony Wayne, raging and confused by a command they could not understand, gave way only stubbornly, contesting every foot.

Fiercer than the heat of battle, the blazing sun toppled exhausted soldiers as fast as bullets and cannon balls. Men with swollen tongues lay gasping and moaning for water. Many of them looked up to see a striped skirt come fluttering across the field. A flushed face bent over them, a strong hand lifted their heads. Blessed, cool spring water trickled down their parched throats from Molly's pitcher. Fighting began about eleven in the morning and continued well into the afternoon. All through those broiling hours, with flying lead whistling by her, Molly made trips from the spring which is today marked in her honor. Also she tended the wounded, and once, it is said, slung a helpless soldier over a powerful shoulder and carried him out of danger. . . . Molly Hays had won her nickname of Molly Pitcher,

but she had not yet clinched her place in history.

II

Messages that the battle was being lost summoned Washington to the stricken field. He met and sternly reprimanded Lee in language which established a tradition that he swore "till the leaves shook on the trees." Then he rode forward, rallying fugitives. The hard-pressed American battle line, still retreating, was not yet routed. Cannon flamed until forced to limber up and retire to avoid capture by dragoons.

In the crew of one gun was John Caspar Hays, detailed back to the artillery to replace casualties—probably by his wife's employer, Colonel Irvine, commanding the Seventh Pennsylvania. Under converging British fire, Hays fell wounded. Since there were now not enough gunners and matrosses to serve the gun, it had been ordered withdrawn when Molly appeared.

Such ringing defiance is attributed to Molly as: "This cannon shall not be removed for want of someone to serve it," and "Lie there, my darling, while I revenge ye." More likely she shook a fist at the foe and in good Pennsylvania

Dutch screamed, "*Verdammt Engländer!*" or words to that effect. Whatever she said, she seized a rammer staff, worked the gun like a veteran, and kept it in action.

Washington galloped up in time to turn the tide. His cheering regiments repulsed a charge of the grenadiers. All along the line the redcoats fell back, but the Americans were too weary to follow. Under cover of night, the British embarked for New York. Yet they had been fought to a standstill and had sustained heavy casualties.

It is stated, though never entirely authenticated, that Washington complimented Molly's valor on the field of battle. Certainly the Army took her to its heart and affectionately dubbed her "Sergeant Molly" or "Major Molly." Hays recovered from his wound. Molly bore him a son who in after years was wont to declare that, while not quite certain of it, he believed he had been born in a tent on the battlefield of Monmouth—which would make Molly's exploits even more remarkable. We are under no compulsion to believe this.

When Hays died after the war, his widow married a comrade-in-arms of his, George McCauley. Molly found him worthless, got rid of him, and supported herself by working as a laundrywoman and

nursemaid. In 1822 the State of Pennsylvania relieved her situation somewhat by a grant of \$40 and an annual pension of the same amount. All her life she remained the old soldier. She smoked a pipe, chewed tobacco, and could swear like a trooper. For her son, her grandson, and other audiences she was fond of fighting the war over. Groups of girls would be told: "You should have been with me at the Battle of Monmouth and learned how to load a cannon." And once while watch-

ing militia drilling the veteran Molly remarked with an air of bored superiority: "This is nothing but a flea-bite to what I have seen." She died in 1832 at the age of 78.

Not until long after her death was Molly's fame adequately commemorated. Now a bas-relief on the Monmouth battle monument depicts her in action as a field artillery-maid. By her grave stand a flagstaff and a cannon, testifying how gallantly on occasion a woman mans a gun.



THE OLD WAY

BY PAUL ENGLE

Now when public murder rules the state
 With bayonet, and down the bloody street
 Runs howling the old plague of human hate,
 I wonder why the earth with inner heat
 Does not like a bomb explode in burning air
 Until in anger all her men are hurled
 Broken beyond that momentary glare
 To disappear forever from the world.

This will not happen. Earth in its old way
 Will bear men walking on its foot worn rock.
 Morning of hopeful light will bring the day
 To women waking from their heavy bed.
 By laughter and not looking at the clock
 We dying will deride the humble dead.

NOT TIME, BUT RHYTHM

A Story

BY GEORGE W. WILLIS

HE STEPPED through the third door in the improvised bus, holding his gold-washed trumpet unsheathed in his hand, and let himself down gingerly to the unsympathetic leather cushion. He laid the horn in his lap and noted that Red and Johnny had got in beside him, and that Johnny had shut the door and reached through the window and locked it so that they wouldn't fall out. But he had ceased to wonder about Red and Johnny, or any of the others — there were eleven in the band — what they thought, or what they did, or what they wanted, or what they dreamed. He was vaguely aware that Don Robins had leaped in, and had given them a hasty nose-count to be sure that none of them had stopped to take another shot or followed some girl out into one of the few remaining cars around the great cinder block temple.

They, the band, had just finished playing *Moonglow* and *Sweet*

Music and the theme *Tea for Two* in a roadhouse on the outskirts of Wadena, Minnesota, and had got in the bus that had been made of a Chevrolet by ripping it in two and putting in two extra seats, doors, and a rack on top for the instruments.

He had selected the third seat because he was an old hand at bus riding, and there was less jolting there between the wheels. He sat on the left side, for he didn't want to be disturbed when Red made the usual plea for Joe to stop at an oil station, or was out of cigarettes, or anything to get the bus to stop for a minute.

Consciously he tried to relax his body. He took off his shoes, pulled down his tie, unbuttoned his shirt. Then he draped his coat on the hanger he had installed at the far corner of the window. Finally he reached down and loosened the sweat-soaked socks from his feet, and put that throbbing flesh of him out of the window. Slumping down on his shoulders, still holding

the horn lightly in his lap, he tried to relax his muscles as he had read in books — “Don’t Let Your Nerves Get You!” and “Be a Yogi: Relax in Five Positions.”

The metal of the horn was cool to the touch of his hand. He had had three cases for the instrument, and had walked off the stand in three towns, leaving it. It was hard to cross your legs and stare in a bus with Red already starting to slump on your shoulder, and Johnny snoring as if he really was asleep. The odor of gin was there, and tobacco and sweat, and the *Bugle Call Rag*, and that subtle scent of speed. That fear that you might miss some of those five hours in a bed that waited at the Cataract at Yankton — and behind everything was the listening. The listening for the scream of brakes and the sense of flying up into hell as the sheet tin crumpled and the bus went rolling over and over into the mark of the plow at the side of the highway.

“What time is it, Joe?” he asked the driver. His feet were beginning to chill, soon he could pull them in and put them on the floor boards where the vibration would warm them, and that would help him into his dream-filled stupor.

“One-thirty.” Joe’s voice was toneless. He was intent on keeping

the hourly average to fifty-five, which meant that he had to drive like hell when he got the chance. At rhythmic intervals the two glaring headlights would hurl themselves down the concrete ribbon and come upon a car. No matter what speed it was making, Joe would bear down and throw himself and eleven lives around it, screaming delight with his twin air horns, triumphantly in a gigantic gamble.

Death and life were around each bend in the road at night, and life and death were riding in twelves in the bus. And they were all asleep, and went screaming and shrieking in the horns down from Wadena. Down from Wadena, all asleep as they passed Sauk Center and didn’t go down Main Street, and just one of them cared . . . and he had his feet out the window of a stretcher bus. He had never actually seen Wadena, nor Sauk Center, nor Blue Earth, where the bus would stop the first time, nor Britt, nor any one of the ten thousand little villages, nor any of the hundred thousand girls.

His eyes were growing dim, and needed refocusing after every few minutes of concentration. His vision was limited to the music and the head of Red, who honked an alto saxophone in front of him

for three hours every night. Red, who slept on him under the stars that neither could see for the roof of the bus; and who ate ham and eggs with unnecessary gusto, and who drank his gin and never had any cigarettes of his own. Whose wit was limited, so damned limited.

That and the bars, and the bus, and the buttocks swaying past as they played, but never any nearer, until you went mad for seven weeks and you finally got a few days away from the leather seat while they stripped the motor naked and made it ready for another ride. A ride of twenty thousand miles of blistering highway and green fields flitting by, and the silvery laughter of girls as they danced, and you tried in one desperate attempt to cram fun and joy and women enough for seven weeks into three days and earned your profession its name.

And then you saw men in the fields behind snorting engines stopping the itch of the black, good earth, and you saw their red-glowing necks move guiltily and clumsily by the bandstand, and you felt envious of them and their clean air and their fresh, eager, throbbing women so ripe that you never saw nor knew, and you called them hicks and hayseeds to cover that unhealing bus sore on your back-flanks.

You had lots of time to dream

as you rode the expansion joints in the strip of concrete that rolled away at one mile every fifty-five seconds, and kept time with the flapping of the canvas over the drums and the saxophones and the trumpets and the graves of men. Roaring, rumbling, raging, shrieking, and the whistle of the tires, and the vain sighs of the bodies, and the tapping feet; the automatic kick of the feet in time with the bumping and the jostling and the hurling. Never out of time, always on the beat. He kicked his feet and shifted the tarnished horn uneasily in his lap.

With death in front of them — around the corner, and death in each of the ditches engraved in the earth along the ribbon cut in crust; and life in the fields flitting, running, hurrying, chasing madly by. Life in the unseen panorama in the dark; in coupés in the side roads and couples whispering on blankets in the forests, in the bittersweet gaiety of the Chocolate Shoppes and the roadhouses and the restaurants open all night — and in the tiny folk waking and crying in the night, and being fed.

From Wadena to Yankton it is four hundred miles and a million beds for those who live there, and windows for their eyes to see, and plaster elephants for their mantels

— tables, magazines, Bibles, gardens of radishes, garages, electric ice-boxes — their hopes, and their hell, and sometimes, their heaven. But the twelve had no garden, nor eyes to read; for a garden and a bed, a Bible and an ice-box, an elephant and a woman take time. And they had not time, but rhythm.

II

Then Willmar and the false dawn, that grey hour just before world again turns black for a time and obscures the highway as it sweeps mightily over the hill. Miles and miles of roar of motor in the quiet, and a headlong flight into the night and the void.

And as you go through Willmar, in that dark, forbidding house along the way is Marjory Jones lying awake now in her bed and sobbing into her pillow — her small face flushed and swollen — not seeing the bright print of the gay little curtains at her windows, nor the Chinese powder box that thrilled her so when her grandmother gave it. And not seeing the long bus go raging past her window into the night. But lying there sobbing, awake now and never being able to wash herself clean in her hysterical little brain; sobbing

at being at one with life and wishing she were dead.

Sobbing there, forever awake now, something denied the twelve, alone with a million girls in a ripe and sweating, grunting and groaning, sneering and leering, silently babbling night. And Olivia and dawn coming and gathered to the tarnished gold of the trumpet held lightly in the hand of a man whose body was leaving him. And on to Sanborn, and the sleeping eleven humble men, sleeping with all men yet forever apart. Sleeping men without women or god, and a turret-top for shelter against a sudden welding with the earth and the plowed fields. And Windon rising early and getting down to grocery stores and banks and garages and oil stations and grain elevators and restaurants and lunch rooms and libraries, to become one with the work of the world.

Then it was Blue Earth, with the ham and eggs to watch as Red worried them like a dog a bone; himself toying with his own coffee and watching the swaying of the waitress along with the eleven other pairs of hungry eyes. Joe the driver drinking great steaming cups of coffee there in the grimly bright, frosty cheer of the white porcelain counter and no credit signs, if your wife can't cook keep

her as a pet; and a forgotten blue eagle hanging high, cartons and cartons of cigarettes, bread-truck men coming in to bring doughnuts and going out again. No conversation, nothing to voice. Taut nerves near fraying; a word, a swift motion to set off in voice the sub-screaming in the bodies.

Yet a silent conversation. Voiceless requests for mustard, sugar, and then the flat, metallic "see you later" to the waitress. The night ride was over, and the day ride beginning. It would be the same but for the sun, for the eyes could not see the panorama, nor the fields, nor life, nor death — beyond the green.

They did not watch the sun with their bleary eyes nor look at the dirt-grimed faces there in four rows of three, the hideous faces with the sickness that gleamed out and the death staring into them. Nor the disease that made Red cry out and clutch himself when the road was rough, nor the popped, glazed eyes of Johnny — still knocked out from the weed he kept in a little Durham bag in his coat, nor the eleven bottles of gin in the eleven coats.

They did not smell the stink — the unhurried stink of disintegration in them and before their eyes. The smell of gasoline, the burning

of rubber on the wheels. The gin and the cigarettes; the rotten dullness of their minds. Now and again the rich, sweet, heady stink of ripe manure on the fields. Then the night ride was over and they pulled into Yankton. Yet in minutes in an age of speed, it would be the night ride again.

Now the trumpet gleamed ugly and stark in the light of day as he held it in his lap.

III

They drove as usual to a parking lot some distance from the Cataract, and opened the doors reluctantly, as if they were leaving something of themselves behind as they rose from the seats. They got out stiffly, worn with travel, weary nerves stretching through their bodies into their hands, to stand in a careless semi-circle around Robins as so many spiritless and beaten serfs.

Then this man did a great, a grotesque thing.

He put his naked and tarnished trumpet to his lips and blew a loud, screaming note.

The jar on the raw nodes of their brains was ghastly, and in the milling, someone tried to take the horn from his hand. He pulled away fiercely and ran to the edge of the

group. There he blew a second note, more heartbroken than the first. The band rushed him, trying to stop by any means the agitation of their own ears, for the trained ear cannot stand the abuse.

He turned from them and raced up to the entrance to the parking lot, and stood there like some raging thing at last free of a cage, and undecided about freedom. So he blew again, this time higher than the other blasts; a whipped note, and trilled it with his lips. Then he turned and ran down the street, stopping every few steps to swing the horn against the solid stone of the buildings, mashing and denting it with terrific fury.

When they could no longer see him, he went on beating the horn against the stone, yet not seeing it with his staring eyes.

He came back on the job that night. The band had already set up and a few early couples were there when he walked in. He was sleepless and strained, and quite drunk, yet he mounted the stage from habit and looked about him stupidly.

No one spoke. Robins gave him a sharp glance, but that was all. It was as if he had made some sort of *faux pas*; as if in the midst of some gathering, he had blurted out a truth all knew but wished to ignore.

He ruffled his music absently, and then they saw the horn. Someone had carefully ironed out the dents in it, but they would always show.

And when he turned and tuned it to the piano, they knew; he would never again blow a clear tone. For the bell of the horn was cracked.



NOTE ON CURRENT ECONOMIC SCENE

BY FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU (1604-1655)

*Wann wir uns're wüsten Güter wieder bauen also theuer,
Wass denn werden sie uns bringen? Steuer, Steuer, Steuer, Steuer.*

► *Advice to the Lovelorn and Perplexed,
a thriving American industry.*

“DID I DO WRONG?”

BY GRETTA PALMER

THE first regular “lovelorn” department in an American newspaper appears to have been the one Dorothy Dix started for the New Orleans *Picayune*, in 1896. Readers immediately began sending in such questions as, “What shall I do about a philandering husband?” and “Does a gentleman make an improper proposal to a girl he loves?”

Since that date the works of Freud, Jung, and Adler have had a wide circulation. Courses in psychology have been introduced into all colleges and many preparatory schools. Family physicians have learned something about neuroses and marital psychology. Marriage-preparation courses have been introduced into schools in over 500 cities and towns. Marital relation clinics, under competent psychologists, are a commonplace of YWCAs, Protestant churches, and hospital clinics.

But the amateur advisers on problems of the heart continue to publish their sage advice, six days a week, in the majority of the country’s 1936 daily and 11,288 weekly

newspapers. Scarcely a dozen of these journals lack a column in which letters from the desperate are answered; allowing for duplication, through wide syndication, one syndicate manager estimates that there are around 850 separate and independent columns of this type published today. An enormous “collateral circulation” is claimed for all of them, and probably with a certain justification. When syndicate salesmen assume that six persons will read a lovelorn column for every paper in which it appears, the figure seems excessive. But all surveys show that such columns *do* appeal to more members of the family than, say, the political columns. Dorothy Dix may not have the entire 60,000,000 readers claimed for her; but she undoubtedly has more readers than Dorothy Thompson, Walter Lippmann, or Walter Winchell. The emotions to which she appeals are a good deal more fundamental than an interest in politics or Broadway celebrities.

Dorothy Dix — Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer in private life —

today gets 3000 letters a week. In the past forty years she has answered over 1,000,000 inquiries. Beatrice Fairfax, her earliest important competitor, receives nearly as many. But Miss Fairfax of King Features is, in herself, something of a syndicate. This composite friend of the lovelorn was brought into the world in 1898, with Arthur Brisbane as midwife, by Marie Manning, whom Ishbel Ross has called "the Emily Post of love." The Fairfax column has been syndicated to 200 papers, has brought in as many as 1400 letters a day and has been run through the decades by various successors of Miss Manning, including Mr. Brisbane himself.

The tradition of "old wives' wit" carries on in this, as in other love columns: the self-confident seers of the press are all pictured as women, and women whose photographs often suggest that they have attained a grandmotherly age. No man has ever built up a national status as newspaper adviser on problems of the affections — although "The Voice of Experience" turned the trick neatly on the air. None of these columnists lays any claim to sound professional preparation for the responsible job of guiding the public on delicate moral and emotional issues. Yet they receive — and blandly an-

swer — questions that psychologists, psychiatrists, and social workers would hesitate to tackle. "Shall I end it all?" one correspondent inquired; and another, addressing "The Voice," wrote:

I have stuffed my illegitimate baby in the clothes closet, to hide it from my parents. What shall I do now?

Recently a wife wrote to Dorothy Dix:

For some time I have been feeling poorly, a very unusual condition for me. Finally the doctor diagnosed my trouble as a slow form of arsenical poisoning and I find that my husband has been giving arsenic to me. I discovered arsenic hidden in his coat. I am desperate. What shall I do? DEE

In an age so susceptible to the blandishments of applied psychology that the meanest advertising agency tries to hire professional advice, this lack of training is extraordinary. A layman offering advice on bodily health without the pretense of credentials for the calling would be restrained by law. A writer pretending to give financial guidance without some show of training for the role would be ruled out quickly enough. But the ladies who daily diagnose and prescribe for emotional and spiritual diseases — some of them composite pseudonymic creatures — cater to millions of the afflicted without hindrance from any direc-

tion. The same public which eagerly devours treatises on popular psychology, and presumably has such inordinate respect for the trappings of science, is content — nay, eager — to swallow the decisions of dear old ladies without a scientific degree to their fake names.

II

This suggests that the medical profession has not yet accepted psychiatry as a full-fledged branch of medical knowledge; if it had, you may be sure that these ladies would not be permitted to practice without a license. Whether more damage can be done by advocating a quack cure for catarrh or a quack cure for the problem of the unfaithful husband is a debatable matter. The columnar oracles are, no doubt, conscientious, and determined to be as helpful as they can. That does not prevent them from offering advice which may lead to disastrous consequences. We have all — even the *sages femmes* of happiness who write the stuff — our own quirks and twists and prejudices. And if they are allowed to intrude into the lives of perfect strangers, on the basis of insufficient information, heaven help us all!

These love-oracles of national reputation show none of the diffi-

dence which would be expected to disturb their efforts. They cheerfully assume responsibility for settling any problem, no matter how complex, which springs out of their mail. Take the off-hand way in which Dorothy Dix dealt with a problem which might have given Solomon a bad night or two. A young woman, who had loved much too well, was now the mother of a fine, bouncing, but unfortunately fatherless, child. The man responsible for this situation was willing to marry her, provided she concealed the existence of the child from his friends and family, who were straitlaced on matters of illegitimacy. What, Dorothy Dix, shall she do?

Beginning with a cozy introduction, "The wages of sin are hard, aren't they, dear?" Miss Dix proceeds to say that she quite understands the young man's point of view; that he would, indeed, cut a sorry figure if he produced an illegitimate baby; and that she believes the young mother should give the child out for adoption, marry her lover, and consider any subsequent heartaches a fit punishment for her sins. This advice may have a certain moral beauty, so far as the mother is concerned. But it is pretty hard on the child.

One can never predict just what

tack the lovelorn will take when she is presented with one of these "ruined girl" problems. Jane Dixon of the Bell Syndicate takes on a weighty decision in answering the call of "Two in Distress":

Each of us, Miss Dixon, has made a terrible mistake, one we would do anything to wipe out, but which can not be entirely eradicated. It all happened when we thought we were really in love and it didn't seem so wrong. Now it looks as though that mistake might ruin all our happiness. We keep company now with two fine young men. They show us every respect. Miss Dixon, these young men have proposed to us. There is only one thing that keeps us from saying, "Yes." Should we tell our young men about the horrible ogre in our past?

To which Miss Dixon makes the straightforward and somewhat alarming answer:

No benefit could result from your digging down in the ashes of your past and picking up bleached remnants of painful mistakes to punish yourselves and to hurt and haunt those who love you and who have faith in you.

Which, from either the psychological or literary viewpoint, is a very extraordinary sentence for an adviser on love affairs to write. The problem seems, all in all, open to some doubt.

The ladies who advise on problems of the heart might be expected to be guilty of a saccharine sentimentality, a Victorian primness.

But this, curiously enough, is rarely the case. Although firm in their injunctions against promiscuous petting and marital infidelity, their writings are permeated with a surprising cynicism. Listen to Dorothy Dix on marriage. A middle-aged wife writes of her husband:

Now when I look at him I only notice how fat and bald he has got, and how tired I am of hearing him tell about what happened at the office. I don't bother to cook extra dishes for him. I have quit laying out his clothes for him, for I say to myself he knows where they are and is just as able to get them as I am. And as for jealousy of other women, why, he can hire "Miss America" for his private secretary for all I care.

In answer to this, the grandmotherly Miss Dix says:

Probably most middle-aged married couples — husbands and wives alike — feel this way about marriage. Somehow it has gone flat and lost its savor for them. . . . These deluded souls do not realize that romantic love does not last any longer than their wedding veil, or that it will not any more stand the wear and tear of daily life. It is only when love settles down into glorified friendship after marriage that there is any peace and comfort in it.

It is generally known that Dorothy Dix's own marriage was tragic. Some of her disillusion with the institution can surely be detected in such columns as this:

The standardized domestic kiss does not seem to have much allure either for the

kisser or the kissee. A man arises from the breakfast table at which there has probably been a spat over Johnny not eating his cereal, or leaving some more market money. With his mouth full of ham and eggs and his mind filled with the necessity of catching the 7:45 train, he bestows a perfunctory peck on his wife, who turns the back of her ear to receive it, while she tries to eat with one hand and hold the baby with the other and make out the marketing list in her mind.

So much for married bliss.

Often the advisers urge women to show spirit towards their husbands, and it would be interesting to know what the results of applying this advice have been in some of the homes already suffering considerable strain and tension before this advice is applied. Doris Blake of the Chicago *Tribune* advises a woman whose husband was annoyed at coming home and finding her out at a bingo party. She writes, with evident regret:

We never advise anyone to leave her man, but we will say if we stayed with yours, he'd never get another bite from our hands until he had apologized. And in future we would deem it our right — not a special privilege — to go out when we wanted to.

Anne Hirst of the McClure Syndicate has fewer inhibitions about recommending divorce, but she is strangely inconsistent. To "Discouraged," she writes:

Divorce doesn't necessarily destroy your self-respect. In your case, it

merely means that you can no longer stand being merely a figure in the life of a cad, and that you no longer intend to have your children exposed to the gossip that he creates.

But Miss Hirst advises another neglected wife, whose husband had asked for a divorce:

Stand by your guns. Don't give him a divorce. Don't let him force you out of your home. The girl has completely lost her head. So has your husband. They are both in the clutches of a mad passion that has swept aside all thought of honor, responsibility, of right and wrong. The greatest comfort I can offer you is to remind you that such affairs seldom last if the wife keeps her head — particularly when she stands firm and reminds them that there is no honest future possible to them. If you can do it, the day will come when your husband will thank you from the bottom of his heart for not letting him make a fool of himself.

In answering just such a query — "Shall I give my husband the divorce he asks for?" — Dorothy Dix consistently answers, "My dear, what else can you do?" and proceeds to paint a black picture of a loveless home in which the husband hates his wife for denying him his happiness. A family's whole future may, therefore, depend on such small things as addressing questions to Miss Hirst or Miss Dix.

If wives worry about the problem of straying husbands, engaged girls are almost as often concerned

with straying fiancés, according to the love columns. Caroline Chatfield of King Features is quick to suspect reluctance to marry in "Olive's" fiancé, who wishes to postpone marriage until he has finished medical school — hardly, one might think, proof of his indifference in itself. At any rate, she writes to "Olive" through the public prints:

A fiancé whose ardor is cooling, is adroit beyond belief. He can devise innumerable ways and means of playing for time. When they want to wait, it's unwise to marry them, Olive, and when they want to get out, it's impossible to hold them.

The distrust thus introduced into Olive's mind may, of course, have a basis in fact. On the other hand, it may cause a vast degree of misunderstanding between her and a fiancé who is in love, but likes his profession, too. And the cynicism is pervasive. When a marriage goes awry, for instance, the columnists are never surprised. Listen, for instance, to the curious defeatism Miss Dix's answer to "Richard":

I am sorry for you, Richard, but I think that you simply have to face the fact that your wife no longer loves you, and that you are absolutely helpless in the matter. Furthermore, when once love dies it is the deadliest thing in all the world. There is nothing you can do about it except just accept the situation with what courage and philoso-

phy you can and quit wasting your time and energy trying to blow dead ashes into flame.

Your wife left you for no reason at all except that she had just lost her taste for you. Nothing you did or left undone had anything to do with it. Don't overpersuade her to come back to you. That will bring no happiness unless she comes of her own accord, and because she wants to. It would be torture to you if you knew that she was only doing it because she thought it her duty and that she loathed you and was bored by your society. . . . We always talk about breaking up a home as if it were a tragedy, but in the great majority of cases, it is a godsend.

III

There is small doubt that this type of advice is taken very seriously by the many millions of readers who turn to it daily. One columnist has told of a desperate twenty-page letter from a girl, saying that she was in love with her married employer. She had no address for the girl, and tried, without success, to reach her. A few days later the papers reported the double suicide of the writer and her lover.

The questions addressed to these women have changed with the years, but they have become more, rather than less, serious. Dorothy Dix has said that at the turn of the century, girls asked her, "Shall I help my man-caller on with his overcoat when he leaves?" Today,

she says, they ask whether to share a week-end with the boy-friend at Atlantic City. The Beatrice Fairfax letters before the War were from women, in 75 per cent of the cases; today nearly half of them are from men. During the War days, half the letters were from girls between the ages of 16 and 19; now over 60 per cent of the mail is from men and women between 25 and 45. In the 'nineties letters were rare from a girl after she had once achieved marriage; now marriage often means increased correspondence. Divorce problems loom largest in the love oracle's mailbag today; thirty years ago the problem almost never arose.

The potential hazards of the advice-to-lovelorn institution are therefore growing larger. Erroneous advice on the niceties of helping the young man on with his overcoat can do little damage. Stupid or prejudiced or ill-informed advice on problems of divorce, illegitimacy, mental breakdown, and other earnest matters can wreck lives. The intrusion of the amateurs seems all the more mischievous when so much real advance has been made in the science of psychology.

I, too, served my time as a newspaper confessional on a New York newspaper, but I always made an

effort, when an obvious mental case turned up in the letters, to get professional advice from the doctors associated with the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. But what about the other problems laid on my doorstep and those of today's lovelorn columnists? In how many cases is a neurotic or psychotic situation involved? How many times does "commonsense" advice lead to greater tragedy? I have no idea. And neither have the love oracles who deal with from 100 to 4000 letters a week.

If La Rochefoucauld were alive today, he would stand a good chance of a job on a woman's-page column. And if the opposition papers were smart, they'd sign up Voltaire. For lovelorn experts, as a class, show a lower opinion of human nature than any but a professional satirist could match. Meanwhile, some 12,000 distressed men and women weekly submit their problems to these amateur advisers. I suggest that a committee of psychiatrists take over the mailbag.

Lacking La Rochefoucauld, a press syndicate somewhere may be wise enough to engage experts instead of the Susies and Janets, Dorothys and Beatrices, who practically run the love-life of America today.

CAPSULE WISDOM

Stuffed Shirt Awards for the month are herewith announced for the perpetrators of the following epoch-making thoughts:

Harry Gannes, *Daily Worker* foreign affairs expert: "As a peace factor this (Soviet-Nazi) non-aggression pact will do more than anything else in the world to ease the present international tension."

Thomas L. Holling, Mayor of Buffalo: "The buffalo nickel is one of the few everyday reminders of the pioneer spirit. . . ."

Virginio Gayda, Mussolini's Charlie McCarthy: "Culture is necessary, but it must be alive and not too much of it."

Rabbi W. F. Rosenblum, New York: "You do not hear Hitler and Mussolini talk about their mothers . . . Here is a simple key to their tyranny and cruelty."

Dr. H. A. Overstreet, psychologist: "As long as the intelligentsia stay out of politics, American government will not be good."

Rev. Karl Knudsen of Plymouth, Mass., apropos the Thanksgiving date change: "To tamper with that day is to disturb the religious foundations of the Republic."

Prof. Elizabeth Reynard, Barnard College: "The therapeutic value of poetry writing has been proven to be effective among patients suffering from cardiac ailments."

Rev. Dr. C. Leslie Glenn, Cambridge, Mass.: "No one has the right to read the Bible who does not have a sense of humor."

J. Finley Wilson, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Improved Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the World: "Mayor La Guardia is a man who has all the attributes of Washington, Lincoln, and Teddy Roosevelt rolled into one ball of human flesh."

Norma Shearer: "Love is becoming a lost art. And it's the honesty of modern woman that is responsible."

medium, the friends with whom I had been young and had hoped to grow old. But I would not let my own grievances warp my intellectual discipline — I owed these men unbiased information.

"I've made a \$50 bet that he won't last over Christmas," one of my hosts resumed, as though brushing aside my information.

Relieved and animated, they all talked at once. A revolt of the German communists was predicted, an army *coup*, economic collapse, intervention by the democracies in behalf of civilization. In vain I tried to explain my belief that the German masses had thrown their lot with Hitler, and so had the army. I referred to the conviction I had reached in Soviet Russia: that dictatorships may weather economic storms which would wreck a democracy. The democratic powers, I insisted, would make no move unless they were menaced in their own backyards. Moreover, I tried to warn them, Hitler was not the half-wit they supposed, but a dangerously shrewd and tenacious politician.

"In *Mein Kampf* you will find the design for building a German empire," I said.

"A man with a vision, I take it," one commented sarcastically.

"So it seems to me — though I

don't relish his vision," I said, unhappily.

By the time the luncheon ended I had the sinking feeling that I was being subversive. I had violated some mysterious political etiquette of these liberal Americans. My suspicions were deepened that very evening by my practical friend Michael, who had heard all about my first encounter with the liberal writers. He reproached me for having "made propaganda for the Nazis." I protested my innocence.

"But didn't you insist that Hitler will last?"

"Yes, but —"

"Well, nothing succeeds like success. None of us should convey the notion that the blankety-blank can succeed."

"But what about the facts?"

"Never mind the facts. Watch your tongue from now on."

Michael's advice was sound, even if I could not heed it. The scene at the liberal luncheon was symbolic of much that followed. Though it took me some time to realize it, I had come face to face with an intellectual dictatorship as totalitarian, as intolerant, as illogical as any other — the Dictatorship of the Good Cause. Its first law is to deny facts and conclusions if they do not fit the convenience of the liberals and their

followers. To violate that law is to bring down swift and sure punishment. Not physical punishment, since this dictatorship fortunately is without physical power, but psychological and social punishment in the form of ostracism from their circles, and slander and misrepresentation.

Above all the Dictatorship of the Good Cause resorts to character assassination against its enemies. "Off with his reputation," the liberals say, and off the reputation goes into their capacious basket.

II

Yes, totalitarianism. There is Peter, to whom I remarked back in 1933 that any kind of economic sanctions are useless unless backed by force. Events proved that I was right. Yet Peter to this day maintains that my dastardly purpose was to sabotage the anti-Nazi boycott. There is Peggy, who calls me a Nazi because in a discussion of personal freedom in relation to civilization I reminded her that the great civilization of the Middle Ages, based on concepts of justice and love, knew nothing of the concept of personal freedom.

My liberal friends unanimously resented my occasional trips to Germany. They argued that one

should not go to a country where one is not wanted. There is something in the argument. I too dislike dining with gentlemen who would be sent into concentration camps if they were to fall in love with me. But what does it avail a journalist to take personal discomforts so seriously? The totalitarian countries — Russia, Germany, Italy — are to me what a cancer hospital is to a cancer expert. Statistics, the reports of refugees, and the judgments of foreigners who measure those countries by their own democratic standards, tell only part of the story. The other part is in the special political climate, the rhythm of daily life, which I, who happen to know these countries since before the War, can read in people's eyes, in their clothes, the way they talk — and don't talk.

I might have been forgiven by these gentry if the reports I brought back with me had been to their liking. But they did not approve what I had to say, since it upset some of their self-consoling views. How did I dare suggest that I had not found the terrible discontent which the German masses (by liberal standards) should have felt! And I did not believe in the importance of the much-advertised underground movement. The Germans, I reported, were *not* on the

verge of starvation and revolt. All black heresy.

Then I began to hear echoes of the rumors spread about me. I was politically "unreliable," perhaps even a paid Nazi spy. Self-righteous idealists, for some reason, are amazingly quick to put the least idealistic interpretation on the acts and words of those with whom they disagree. The blackest of accusations are set afloat in the most casual manner — and, to make it worse, often in good faith.

It took the American liberals from 1933 to 1937 to make up their minds to the unpleasant fact that Hitler was neither a temporary nor a local phenomenon. It will take them years more to realize what happened in Spain; the facts are only now coming out. I recall one of the many cocktail parties where the liberals and their followers suffered gaily for Loyalist Spain. A guest lolled under a flamboyant Gauguin nude and talked "Spain for the Spaniards." He grew heated in denouncing Mussolini and Hitler for sending planes to Franco — and in lauding Stalin for sending them to the Loyalist side. When he talked glibly of Stalin defending the Cause of Democracy, I could not resist comment on the more obvious absurdities. I met only cold-eyed contempt all around, and

people edged away from me. I had made a political *faux pas*.

With Munich, the Dictatorship of the Good Cause acquired new scope and new vigor. Until then the liberals had worked on the premise that the Totalitarian Man is evil and the Democratic Man is virtuous. The failure of the British and French to save Czechoslovakia was therefore a stunning blow to them. To save face they proceeded to explain everything vehemently in terms of a fascist plot engineered by Chamberlain, Bonnet, and the Cliveden Set. I had observed before that while American education is devoted to fact-finding, my liberal friends always looked for something more glamorously sinister behind the facts.

Future historians, if they read the comments on Munich by American liberal leaders, will be astonished to find how little account was taken of the extreme fear of war that held all Europe in its grip and which was at the time the most powerful reality in international affairs. Nor did these comments acknowledge the enormous risks a war entailed for Great Britain in its Near and Far Eastern possessions; or the curious role of Russia, the value of whose support, even if it were forthcoming, could not be judged at the time.

Reading their hectic rhetoric, I thought it might be useful if my liberal friends, so ready to die for Czechoslovakia, could change places with the unheroic Europeans who still have the last war in their bones. I made the suggestion for such an exchange of populations one night, but these liberals grew incensed. The common people in France and England, they declaimed, wanted to fight, only the ruling classes would not let them. I could only point out meekly that Chamberlain and Lady Astor were not alone in cheering for the Munich Pact.

Against the fact of the recent feast of friendship between Stalin and Hitler, the cocksure, self-righteous Dictatorship of the Good Cause, until now mostly mischievous, now seems also ludicrous, and rather pathetic.

III

It took the American liberals, as I have said, about five years to catch on to the idea that Hitler had some sort of political vision, even if it was not to their taste. Now they are going in the extreme opposite direction. From contempt for the Nazi dictator they have veered to a sort of inside-out worship. They argue that Hitler, if not stopped

immediately by a war in which the United States takes a lead, will conquer Europe, and then the rest of the world. They actually can see his armed hordes invading the Americas.

All the lessons of history, it seems to me, provide assurance that a man or an idea, no matter how successful, cannot conquer the whole world. The notion of Hitler as a direct military threat to America seems to me astronomically remote. Even a dictator with unlimited appetites has a limit to his digestive capacity. There is a long road to domination of Central Europe and a far longer one to domination of the European West. And even then, this country, with its enormous resources, could take on Hitler and lick him. And in any case, much will happen on his route to modify things.

This is my point of view. It is the point of view of a great many who detest Hitlerism but see no reason for plunging America into a war, or for suspending all reason and logic and sacrificing the most vital interests to the hatred for Hitler. But to express this view is to challenge the Dictatorship of the Good Cause. All "isolationist talk," the liberals have decreed, works into the hands of Hitler and those who indulge in it are "fascists" and

"fascist stooges." Against their decrees there is no appeal to reason. It is not allowed, in their intellectual precincts, to ask: but even if the "democracies" win, will the world be democratic? What shall we do with Germany after that — break it to pieces again, and make a new Weimar Republic and start the whole tragic business over again?

"Freedom of thought in the authoritarian States finds its limitation where it runs counter to national interest." This sentence is from a recent speech by Dr. Goebbels. If we substitute "the Good Cause" for "national interest," we have a perfect definition of what freedom of thought means to our totalitarian liberals. Under the Dictatorship of the Good Cause only that is true which is bad for Hitler and Mussolini — everything else is false despite the facts. A right-minded liberal is forbidden to question the excellence of the late Czechoslovak and Spanish Republics or that Stalin and his American agents are devoted to the Bill of Rights or the duty of America to save European Democracy. The list of forbidden thoughts could be extended for pages. A right-minded liberal must be jubilant if Schmeling gets a beating and depressed if by chance a good movie originates in Germany. It

is all very primitive and boring — as primitive and boring as the intellectual aspects of any dictatorship.

It has become all too obvious in these last years that the American liberals are extraordinarily ill-informed about the forces in European politics and how they operate. Their bewildered despair as the news of the Moscow-Berlin *rap-prochement* came through is an example. How the liberals had jeered at the observers who foretold such a development! In their indignation they forget that upholding the moral ideals of a better world is one thing, and smuggling these values into the analysis of the existing world quite another thing. They work on the premise that what should not be cannot be. The less men and events match their ideals, the less reliable their judgments of these men and events tend to become.

And those who refuse to play this game of misrepresenting reality for the sake of "strategy" or out of sheer emotionalism fall victims to a sort of terrorism. Many an honest liberal whose only sin was that he faced and publicly admitted the sorry facts of the present, conscientiously, in an impersonal way, has been killed by the poison of libel. And the terrorism makes the

liberal forces neither stronger nor brighter. On the contrary, it just happens that freedom of thought is the touchstone of liberalism. The moment we surrender it, there is not much of a liberal cause left to fight for. To me, at least, it seems a matter of secondary importance whether I am forbidden to think because it is bad for the state, or because it is good for Hitler.

I am a liberal not primarily because I believe in a better world — fascists and communists often believe in that, and all utopias are

curiously alike — but because I insist on watching the world intelligently, trying to understand it dispassionately, enjoying the beautiful regardless of its labels, and making fun even of this arrogant Dictatorship of the Good Cause.

“You’re crazy,” Michael, peeping over my shoulder, warns, “the liberals now will never give you a clean bill of health. What’s the big idea?”

The big idea is always the pursuit of freedom. It does not jibe with a Dictatorship of the Good Cause.



TO AN ARTIST

BY BEN BAXTER

Already there's excess of riches
 The libraries bulge with their treasure —
Snub your creative-art itches
And give all your days to mere pleasure.

Masterworks gather the dust,
 Symphonies languish unplayed —
Throttle your artist's trite lust
And give all your years to fat trade.

Spiderwebs bind lovely pages,
 Beauty is cheap in museums —
Work for today, not the ages;
Garner what is, not what seems.

► *Gary and Chicago have lost their Negro
Robin Hood of the Numbers Game.*

DE KING IS DAID!

BY RAYMOND GROW

DE KING eased his gleaming grey sedan to a curb on Michigan avenue in Chicago's Darktown. Sinking back into the seat he patted his inside coat pocket. The money felt good to his sensitive fingers. Money always felt good to De King; he worshipped it. A black car roared up the street and, with a scream of brakes, stopped beside the grey sedan. A shotgun was poked out of the car. It blazed four times and the black car sped away. In the grey sedan De King was dead, his head almost ripped off. . . . This was on January 8 of this year.

De King had a gorgeous funeral. There was a \$5,000 bronze casket smothered with tea roses. A former Congressman, Oscar De Priest, led the mourners, and Joe Louis sent a huge wreath. Maurice Cooper, star of the swing *Mikado*, sang *Goin' Home*, and 7000 Negroes swarmed around the church, crushing each other to glimpse the bier of the man who had, in their minds, walked with the gods and toiled with the devil.

De King was Walter J. Kelly, colored, former boss of the policy-wheel racket in the colored districts of Gary, Indiana, and Chicago. His home was in Gary, city of 100,000 population, of which more than one-sixth is black. During his reign he collected about \$300,000 annually from the little slips of paper his men peddled at a nickel, a dime, and a quarter a throw.

Less than a week after his murder, three hundred Negro families in Gary applied for Relief; he had been supporting them. But Gary officials breathed easier. Prompted by a new administration, they had just cracked down on De King's numbers racket. A captain of police had been detailed to inform him that the heat was on to stay. Kelly closed shop. Four days later he was killed; and the shot that finished him ended the life of one of the most curious specimens on the stage of contemporary crime. De King never got publicity. He was a philanthropic racketeer who rarely associated with gangsters. For six

years no man's hand was raised against him, and every man's hand was in his pocket. . . . But let's go back to the beginning.

Walter J. Kelly was born in 1887 in Nebraska, with a touch of white and a dab of Indian blood. He bragged of the Indian part. When still young he was taken to Richmond, Indiana, where his family made its home and where his married sister still lives. Little is known of him until he blossomed out as the czar of the policy wheels. He bobs up mysteriously in Minneapolis, San Francisco, New Orleans, and Cleveland. At one time he managed a night club in Montreal. Later he turned up, prosperous and easygoing, in New York, where the boys in Harlem knew him as a right guy.

It was in New York in 1933 that he met Ruby, a comely Negress who talked like a Back Bay Bostonian, and with her he left Harlem for Chicago — De King was ever a man who got around. Soon the blacks in Chicago and Gary were speaking reverently about De King and everyone was saving nickels for his policy wheels: "Brothah, wha' yo' got to lose? Five dollahs back on de nickel if yo' numbahs turn up. Dat's sweetnins!"

And how they went after "de

sweetnins!" — to the merry tune of \$300,000 a year, and that doesn't include Chicago money. De King had given the numbers racket in Chicago to his brother Ross. Kelly made his money in Gary, where he moved when the Democrats won the 1934 election.

At his Gary headquarters De King planted three policy wheels. There were morning, afternoon, and midnight drawings, one for each wheel. He employed about 600 writers who worked on commission, selling chances on the wheels. He also set up, at vantage points in Gary's notorious Central District, clearing houses where the writers turned in receipts. They sifted Gary fine.

The system was simple. You gave the writer a nickel and he showed you a list of numbers, generally running from 1 to 78. From that list you chose three numbers which were marked on your ticket. Comes time for the drawing. The wheels spin and the big room is tense with hope. A bang, and out comes a neat slip of paper, stamped in purple ink and bearing twenty-four different numbers. The slips are passed over town and countless eyes scan the columns. If your three numbers are included, you win. If not: "Now, son, ef it oney cos'a nickel, why not try onct mo'?"

II

Money was everything to De King, and it was nothing to him. He worked, gambled, connived, and prayed for it, only to hand it out to every bum who rapped on his door. He would sweat blood for a nickel and in the next moment toss a five dollar bill to a bootblack. A friend tells of a time in the policy king's office. On the desk were stacks of bills mounting into the thousands. Kelly was busy counting it when a dime rolled to the floor and lodged behind a radiator. He jumped up, rushed to the radiator, kneeled down, and, puffing and grunting, retrieved the coin. He was busy brushing dust from his trousers when a stranger walked in with a hard-luck story. Kelly gave him \$20.

He gave most freely, though, to charities, hospitals, homes, sanitariums, and Christmas funds. One year, deciding to contribute to the Gary Community Chest fund, he sent lieutenants to the small-time gambling joints in the colored district, demanding from each a tax according to the business the house was doing. Every penny he collected was turned over to the Chest. In 1936, Negro Baptists held a convention at Los Angeles. Kelly shipped six Gary ministers there,

paying all expenses. (He owned the Community Church at Gary, but his closest friend reports he never saw Kelly inside a place of worship.) Ruby estimates that every Thanksgiving and Christmas he spent about \$4000 for food baskets and gifts for needy Negro families. His yearly donations to charities ranged from \$10,000 to \$15,000. On the door of De King's apartment was a spot worn bare by the knuckles of the innumerable fists which rapped on it, to ask for a dollar for coal, fifty cents for laundry, or some change to buy a meal. To his friends Kelly lent large sums of money, asking no security. At the time of his death he held several thousand dollars' worth of notes signed by a Gary judge.

Kelly sat fat for four years, paying graft cheerfully, ruling the Central District like a benevolent despot. He was friendly with many officials and bought them and their wives expensive presents. To make his annual \$300,000 he had to average about \$1000 a day. This wasn't hard with eight or ten thousand bets placed daily. Every penny-ante pool room poker game, every back-alley crap game was under his thumb. He paid over \$50,000 a year for protection. And he got it.

As the 1938 elections drew near, however, public opinion mounted

against conditions in the city. Not only was the policy racket condemned, but also the large bookie houses in downtown Gary, and vice generally. The *Gary Post-Tribune* dragged out the dirty linen and waved it up and down. In November the citizens voted Republican.

Kelly closed up without a protest. If he planned to open up his wheels in another place, he didn't say so. If he planned to lie low, then re-open quietly in Gary, he didn't hint at it. But it is certain that he was not murdered because he tried to muscle in on someone else's territory; De King was too powerful for that. Since all gambling in Gary, outside of Kelly's operations, was controlled by a Chicago syndicate, it is barely possible that the syndicate was trying to blackmail De King and shot him when he refused to pay.

What Kelly did with all his money is a mystery. He left about \$100,000 in cash and considerable property—how much it is not fully known, for he had a mania for buying real estate. He was a sucker for the gold-mine gag and could be taken in on any scheme if it sounded plausible. He left no will; or if he did it has not come to light. His sister, his brother, and Ruby are contestants for his money and property.

Although before the law Kelly was a sinner in more ways than one, all classes of Negroes idolized him. This affection is best expressed in the words of A. B. Whitlock, scholarly editor and publisher of the *Gary American*, a weekly colored newspaper, who says, "I don't know where Kelly is now, but wherever he is, when I die, that's where I'd like to go."



GOVERNMENT AND POWER

By HENRY GEORGE

The more complex and extravagant government becomes, the more it gets to be a power distinct from and independent of the people.

LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHTY!

ABOUT 1,000,000 of America's 130,000,000 people are 80 years of age or over, according to official census figures. The average American's chance of reaching 80 would therefore seem to be rather less than 1 in 100. . . . What is life like at that eminence? THE AMERICAN MERCURY put this question to a number of prominent octogenarians — some of them, in fact, nonagenarians — and here are the answers:

BY DANIEL CARTER BEARD
Artist, Author, Boy Scout Leader
Born: Cincinnati, June 21, 1850

BUT for the infirmities which accompany it, old age would be glorious. Life holds something for the octogenarian — and the nonagenarian — that younger people miss. As age advances, the pilgrim loses his dread of creeds, political parties, and the dogmatic statements of self-styled scientists. Political economy no longer restricts his thoughts with its partisan, self-made limitations. The "No Trespass" signs in the field of metaphysics are but tempting invitations for further and more exhaustive explorations. The dwindling of the span of life, in my case, tends to sharpen the faculties, be they mental or physical, and thus intensify the drama, amplify the beauty, and increase the excitement of life.

The wisdom of age tells me that the proper way to live is to do one's own work, one's own thinking, one's own reading, and one's own writing, thus unfolding the life which the Good Lord evidently intended one to develop. This thought adds zest and value to life and gives a glimpse of surpassing beauty just ahead. Great reforms and lofty thoughts do not spring from ideal conditions. All through history important reformations, like strong men, seem to thrive best where the struggle is greatest.

The importance of true patriotism, loyalty to lofty ideals, and high ethical standards expands as one grows older; all unworthy thoughts and acts seem to be so foolish that one wonders why sane men can knowingly inject party and self-interest into legislation affecting the happiness and welfare

of the public. The advance of years increases one's sympathy for mankind, with its apparently unnecessary misery and suffering, and one wonders why political economy is not studied scientifically instead of politically.

The octogenarian also wonders why advocates of the different creeds stick so tenaciously to outward forms and forget the living truths which alone keep their tinsel rituals from withering and dying like plants in a drought. To me age seems to purify, simplify, and spiritualize one's ambitions, until material honors, titles, medals, and decorations possess no value except insofar as they may contribute to one's usefulness to his fellow-man.

Age impresses upon the thinking man that only a useful life can be a happy one.

The years roll slowly when one is young, but to the aged they move with ever-increasing rapidity. The octogenarian does not look forward to the years ahead with the impatience of youth, but the complacency of age must not be mistaken for lack of interest in the world's affairs. An old man's interest, indeed, is intensified because of the urge to do things himself while there is yet time.

The octogenarian looks eagerly

forward to the years ahead because of his desire to witness the successful accomplishment of awe-inspiring discoveries, great engineering feats, daring medical discoveries, and the unprecedented development of science in the world of tomorrow. May it not be that the years seem to fly with increasing speed because life is so full of intense interest?

In the canyon streets of New York, the sightseer's vision is obstructed by buildings on all sides, and his only view of the heavens is a narrow strip of blue, seen through slits between the towering walls of masonry; but when he climbs to the top of the Empire State Building, his vision reaches the far-flung horizon where sky and distant landscape meet.

Standing on the crest of the Great Divide, where all the foot-tracks point one way, I, as a nonagenarian, find my spiritual sight also unobstructed by the tall structures erected by the cares of the material world. I now realize that my vision itself has been greatly clarified by the long and strenuous mountain climb, and the horizon so tremendously extended by the altitude that I stand ringed 'round by the wide, mysterious circle where the material world meets the infinite!

BY JAMES H. HARE

Famous War Correspondent

Born: London, October 3, 1856

WE OCTOGENARIANS are constantly being asked how it feels to be that way. Paradoxical though it may appear, however, life does not feel as differently from the younger past as one would imagine. Perhaps there is a line at which one passes into Old Age. Perhaps that line is at 80. I wouldn't know, because despite the evidence of the almanacs and calendars I don't quite feel that I have stepped across that line.

This is not to say that the road has been an easy one. Father Time has asserted himself most unpleasantly at times. Occasionally the old boy made one wish that the whole thing were over. But these are temporary moods — which come to young people of 50 or 60 or 70 as well to us oldsters of 80-plus. Hope, as the poet put it, springs eternal in the human breast. How many hopes I have indulged as the years rolled by! Some have been fulfilled; more went awry.

Take the matter of wars — these annoyances have been as long as I can remember, and somehow they keep on despite the fact that this old war-horse is not on the spot to cover them. If wars must be, certainly I regret that I can no longer

report them. In a way I envy the younger correspondents, who have so much more equipment — radio, better cables, improved photography — for doing their job. But there was an added kick to the job, back at the time I reported the Spanish-American and the Russo-Japanese Wars, because of the greater difficulties.

It has been a good world, for all its horrors and disappointments, and I have no mind to be hustled out of it. At my age one begins to feel the achievements of his fellow-men as though they were personal accomplishments. I mean that all the marvelous advances in engineering, aviation, radio, and so on have happened in my lifetime and therefore seem part and parcel of my life. Perhaps this feeling of being woven into a larger whole, part of humanity, is one that only the octogenarian or thereabouts can appreciate. Youth is too much concerned with its own appetites and ambitions.

There has been drama, beauty, and excitement, and now I am content to let it slow down a bit. I treasure my leisure, as I observe new generations struggling, striving, elbowing their way — towards what? Well, if they're lucky, towards the point I've reached: that of an octogenarian.

BY OTIS SKINNER

*Distinguished Actor**Born: Cambridge, Mass., June 28, 1858*

DOES life hold its "drama, beauty, and excitement" for the octogenarian? If by this query you mean, does he at 80 react to the novelty and the stimulus of life, does he view each venture as a golden opportunity as he did when 25, is each newly felt emotion a thing never known before? — then my reply is that unless he is the eternal Peter Pan such reaction is scarcely credible. But he is certainly not the ideal octogenarian if youth has not kept its stride with the procession of the years.

For myself I find life has not lost its pleasant tang. I realize that in my salad days I was reckless of my indulgence in it and used great energy in seeking it out. But my sense of beauty and humor has not become atrophied; tales of sentiment and heroism have not ceased to stir my blood; great artistry in drama, painting, and architecture reacts on me as potently as ever; nature's grandeur has not grown commonplace, and romance has not become a mere word.

It was a different world that I was born into — a world of Victorian propriety; the steel engraving, Longfellow, Dickens, Vic-

tor Hugo, wax flowers, the family album, horsehair-covered furniture, the corner "whatnot" with its exhibit of tropical seashells and South Sea coral, Landseer's "Stag at Bay," Powers' "Greek Slave," and the Rogers Groups, Sunday evening neighborhood calls, modestly printed newspapers without comic strips, the New York *Ledger* and the *Police Gazette*, and much social hypocrisy. Into this quietude exploded the terrors of the Civil War, though I don't recollect very much about it — I was only six when it ended. It was a red and lurid curtain hanging back of the placidity of that period. This was the atmosphere of my childhood. My boyhood ran through the Reconstruction years and looking back at them it doesn't seem that though the galled jade might wince, New England's withers were unwrung. Indeed, to my mind boyhood is a vacuum and the claim that "the boy is father to the man" is something in the nature of poppycock. Adolescence keeps going around in circles. It is only at the threshold of young manhood that he steps into the region of accomplishment.

Mine began when I became a professional actor. There had been a year or more of experiment. I knew what I wanted to do but I

was groping in a fog. Now life was at full flood. The going was rough and filled with snags, but that very fact gave it enormous zest. There was always tomorrow. I was prodigal of my pleasures and anticipations, but they were all in disorder. The years have brought better alignment. Today has its tomorrows as well as yesterday — I refuse to let them lapse. Moreover, I know better what to do with them when they come. I am no longer blinded by their novelty and I have no illusions about them. I have grown far more discriminating and have learned the value of small things.

The octogenarian's measure of joy may be less varied and copious but if he cannot look ahead into tomorrow with undiminished interest, if life has become a routine and tearing off the calendar's pages, then, and not till then, is it time for him to go before the curtain, thank his audience for their long and loyal patronage, and tell them that the play has finished its run.



BY AUGUST HECKSCHER

Capitalist, Noted Philanthropist

Born: Germany, August 1848

TAKE it all in all, the very old person, if still sentient and in possession of his faculties, is as

anxious to continue to live as are those who are so full of youthful hopes and can still achieve things. In my own case, I value life because it seems to me that necessary and helpful work within my power is not yet accomplished.

Even at 91, new experiences await one, to be relished deeply. Recently, for instance, it occurred to me that it would be an entirely new sensation for me, and a gratifying one, to attempt the writing of verses, if not poetry — at my age! To my great surprise I have found that those who deem themselves poets and publish poems are almost a “guild” — very exclusive folk resentful of intruders. Nothing daunted, here's one of my effusions:

Conduct

High aims and noble bearing, unswerving rectitude,

The which with others sharing we practice, never rude;

That simple rule persistent will open every gate;

Why should we be insistent, though soon we be or late.

Another brain on the same plane may take another slant,

Driven perchance to crime and shame by misery and want;

What we deem wrongful conduct may seem the one way out,

Its uttermost iniquity we're sadly prone to shout.

The God who has decided that we know wrong from right,

To whose pre-ordination we owe sight and insight,

Will hear, may wholly disregard, plead
 we for right or wrong;
 What matters to the Lord of all, the
 burden of our song.

The changes that have been wrought recently because of the many remarkable inventions and discoveries, it seems to me, are by no means all to the good. Without being a pessimist, I cannot applaud unreservedly what is happening in our political life, in our social life, and in the press. What has struck me probably as most ludicrous in recent events is the request of someone that the profit motive in the scheme of things be eliminated or disregarded. The advice has already been ship-wrecked, and most effectively, by those who advocate it.

But it is watching the new ideas, the changes, against my memory of eighty crowded years that gives life a quality denied to younger folk.



BY ABRAHAM CAHAN
*Editor, New York Jewish Daily
 Forward*

Born: Russia, July 7, 1860

How does it feel to be on the threshold of 80? Well, if your vital organs are sound, your general health satisfactory, and "business as usual" an unwritten sign over

your activities, you don't feel anything out of the ordinary. Your state of mind resembles that of an Arctic explorer upon reaching the North Pole. There is nothing to mark the spot as the end of the earth. It is a question of longitudes and latitudes; all a matter of figures. The old man in question *knows* that the end of his world is near at hand and that he is liable to be called upon to sing his swan song any day; but he is scarcely aware of it.

Life to him is what it has always been. His future is seemingly as endless as it was on July 7, 1882, when he first set foot on American soil. One's ambitions, plans, sensibilities, moods depend more on the state of one's health than they do upon the apparent number of days one is likely to stay among the living. Life certainly is as full of content for me this year as it was 60 or 70 years ago. Perhaps even more so, for a "ripe" old age implies plenitude of experience, a clearer and subtler understanding of men and things and, as a consequence, a keener interest in what is variously called the Human Comedy or the Human Tragedy. "A fellow keeps on learning as long as he lives, and dies a fool," my grandfather used to say — a maxim, by the way, which applies to Science as well.

But then the very process of learning is a source of pleasure. To get your mind disabused of a deep-rooted superstition is a joy, even if it makes room for other silly notions.

The newspaper with which I am connected, and the movement to which it is dedicated, derive their inspiration from the basic ideas of Social Democracy. The German Republic which replaced the rule of the Kaiser at the end of the War was initiated and sponsored by the Social-Democratic Party of that country, then and during a number of years preceding the war, the largest party in the Reichstag. I knew its leaders and as a frequent visitor in Berlin I saw a good deal of them and was a passionate observer of the Democratic regime that had been brought about by the bloodless revolution of 1918. The fall of that Republic when Hitler came into power struck me like a great personal loss. When it happened, three years after my seventieth birthday, I felt as though it darkened my horizon, and that feeling has been growing on me.

To characterize this mood as despair would be devoid of all reason, however. I am convinced that the Hitler system is a suicidal network of contradictions and that its days are numbered. When Hitler was

within reach of power the Social Democrats commanded 7,000,000 votes and the German communists over 5,000,000. A union of the two parties would have been sure to checkmate him. But the Kremlin would not permit it. Today that same Kremlin has become the ally of Hitlerism. The mask has been dropped.

I allude to these political matters because to me they are as overwhelmingly significant, as intimately personal, as they would have been in my life's prime. I sometimes feel like the reader of a thrilling novel who is not sure of being able to finish it. I do wish ardently to live long enough to know how the present struggle between democracy and dictatorship is going to end. But then, if I am not destined to reach the closing chapter of the story, I won't know enough to miss it.



BY WILLIAM DOUGLAS JOHNS
Reporter and Prospector
Born: November 21, 1857

HAVING passed the eightieth milestone in life's long trek, I have much to look back to — a treasure of memory few Americans now young will ever be able to accumulate. Will they be able to

match this: Of old Colonial ancestry, whose traditions I inherited; born in Wisconsin, my father among the first to respond to Lincoln's call for volunteers. Raised in Chicago when its streets were unpaved, with ditches instead of sewers, and I roamed the woods and prairies where now are square miles of brick and stone. I read anything from dime novels to histories of Greece and Rome, studied law, went down to the West Florida coast and observed the primitive life of the Cracker.

Then out to the mining camps of the Southwest when Geronimo and the Apaches were murdering and burning and Bad Men were raising hell. I put up the first house in my North Dakota township. Farming, newspaper work in North Dakota and later in Chicago, seeing and hearing the great plays, actors, opera stars in New York and San Francisco; then up the almost unknown Yukon as news correspondent before the great Klondike discovery, in which I took part, pulling my sled hundreds of miles on the Yukon River ice, and afterwards on the coast of the Bering

Sea where I slept in Eskimo igloos.

And from this rough life of Southwest and Alaskan frontiers — to the finest hotels, the art galleries and museums of Europe, to an active interest in world affairs and American affairs. I saw McKinley inaugurated and heard debates that decided the fate of the Nicaragua Canal and the Philippines. Decade after decade of hardships, disappointments, and fun, acquiring a breadth of outlook and a keen love of life which I still retain.

Young people today have not seen or lived the life of our country when it was young, of the great West with its sense of untrammelled freedom, that sense of adventure just beyond the horizon. They have missed a priceless experience which they can never comprehend at second-hand.

I look forward with keen curiosity to what the future holds for the world and for us. My regret is that before the curtain rolls up on the next great act of the world drama an unseen hand may push me hence, with my curiosity unsatisfied. That impertinence, I resent.



THE STATE OF THE UNION

America Faces Europe's War

WE in America had a clearer, calmer, fuller view of the events which precipitated the Second World War than any other people on earth. It was sharpened by the perspective of distance and of relative political aloofness. It was not distorted by censorship. We had all the available information more quickly, more accurately, more completely than observers anywhere else. The remotest American village inhabitant, through his radio and local newspaper, had a more comprehensive and more honest picture of Europe on the edge of the volcano than any European could have had.

The American judgment on those events therefore has particular value. The testimony of our common sense, being based on such extensive and undistorted knowledge of the facts, should weigh heavily in the scales when the question of war guilt is appraised in the future. And that judgment is well-nigh unanimous in placing the responsibility for the war squarely on the heads of

Adolf Hitler and his Nazi regime.

Only those negligible groups in our population which take their views ready-made from foreign governments, the communists and the Nazis, still claim that Poland, France, and England brought on the conflict. To all others it was crystal clear that the democratic allies made strenuous, persistent, desperate efforts to avert the catastrophe. They begged the Führer to remove the pistol from Poland's head and negotiate peaceably. If Chamberlain and Daladier erred, it was in the direction of excessive patience with the pyromaniacal dictator of the Third Reich. If there is a justifiable reproach against the democratic nations, it is that by giving Hitler too free a hand in the past, they stimulated his appetite for plunder. But these faults do not diminish in the slightest degree the blood-guilt of the Nazis. Hitler was implored from all directions to desist: by our President, by the Pope, by the King of Belgium, by his own Axis partner, Mussolini.

He would not listen, but plunged hysterically into a war.

The blood-guilt must be shared by Hitler's new ally, the Caucasian brigand in the Kremlin. Russia's political and economic partnership with the Nazi regime tipped the balance and made war inevitable — its timing and its staging, even more than its terms, were calculated to push Europe over the abyss. It was no sudden decision on the Kremlin's part. The dismissal of Foreign Commissar Maxim Litvinoff many months earlier was an unmistakable token of the Russo-German negotiations, and there is ample evidence that the plot was started even long before that.

In retrospect Stalin's tactics of procrastination, of upping the ante each time an understanding with the democracies seemed about settled, appear for what they were: cynical political chicanery with few precedents, on such a scale, in modern times. As a betrayal it makes Munich seem innocuous by comparison. Perhaps those most shamefully betrayed are the millions of well-meaning liberals, here and the world over, who accepted the Kremlin's "democratic" pretensions in earnest and aligned themselves mentally and emotionally with the Soviet dictator.

Tragic as the consequences of Russia's duplicity have been, it has its positive side too. By removing the "ideological" masks from both Russia and Germany, it brought clarity into a confused situation. It exposed Hitler's Brown Bolshevism and Stalin's Red Fascism as aspects of the same totalitarian idea. Facing the European alignment, we need no longer be confused by lying labels.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY has been consistently opposed to American involvement in a European war. The first issue under its present editor featured an article by Dr. Charles A. Beard warning that "we're blundering into war." The editor was among the organizers of the Keep-America-Out-of-War Committee. In dozens of articles and speeches he tried to unmask the "collective security" propaganda as in large measure inspired by interested foreign governments, including Russia.

We do not retreat from that position. Now that war is raging on the other side of the ocean, the importance of remaining neutral is heightened a thousandfold. It has become a paramount national duty. President Roosevelt was no longer speaking for any group or party when he proclaimed, in his

radio address after war broke out, this nation's solemn intention to stay out of the conflict. He was speaking for America as a whole. It seems to us that the first task of every American publication, in the measure that it represents a channel to the mind of the country, is to fortify that intention.

That, however, does not, and should not, impose upon the American people an artificial and hypocritical know-nothing attitude. It is neither possible nor sensible for us to conceal or ignore the obvious — the fact that American sympathy is overwhelmingly on the side of the democracies. We should be sticking our heads in the sand ostrich-fashion if we denied the fact that every report of a Nazi victory is received by the American people with dismay, every report of a Nazi defeat with a sigh of relief. Without idealizing the democracy of the Allies — such concepts are comparative at best — the tyranny rampant in Germany is so extreme that for Americans there can be no emotional choice. There is no use pretending that Americans can feel the slightest kinship with the nightmare brew of intolerance, aggression, amorality, and political autocracy represented by Germany and her Soviet accessory.

The President was being honest and realistic — more important, he was putting America's sentiments into clear-edged words — when he declared:

This nation will remain a neutral nation; but I cannot ask that every American remain neutral in thought as well. Even a neutral has a right to take account of facts. Even a neutral cannot be asked to close his mind or close his conscience.

America must stay out of the war. It is almost the last refuge of civilization of the type we cherish. As a sanctuary of civilized values it will be stronger, safer, more influential if it does remain out of the war. When the conflict is ended and a reasonable peace must be worked out, America's moral, economic, and physical weight will be enhanced enormously by the fact that it remained neutral. At this writing it seems clear that Stalin's country, whether it remains formally neutral or joins the war, will aim to conserve its strength. It will wait for Europe to exhaust itself, then attempt to impose its will. The only counterweight, the only hope of a democratic and civilized arbiter rather than a barbarian dictatorial arbiter, is for the United States likewise to conserve its strength.

But we cannot close our minds

to the fact that the institutions and freedoms which we consider fundamental to our national existence are bound up with the hope of a decisive defeat for the totalitarians. We cannot close our consciences to the horror inspired by Hitler's code of naked force, his reckless aggressions against weaker neighbors, his continuous assault on the moral and religious values of our times, his persecution of helpless minorities in his own country.

We want the democracies to win. No one who knows the temper of America can doubt that. We want them to win not merely because we abhor what Nazism stands for, but because it will be a safer world for Americans if they do win. Practical common sense therefore demands that, strictly within the limits of international law as it applies to neutral nations, we should extend all possible assistance to the democracies. The circumstance that the totalitarian side in the war now has access to Soviet Russian supplies would make it criminal for us to withhold our supplies from the democracies.

Any idea, however logical on the surface, becomes crackpot and self-defeating when it is carried to an absurd extreme. Strict neutrality is something of a quite different

order from know-nothing, head-in-the-sand isolationism. An embargo on arms shipments which in effect denies weapons to the democracies, while the Third Reich is supplied by Russia and by the countries which Germany grabbed by main force, is like the law which prohibits the rich and the poor alike to sleep under bridges.

A neutrality program in line with American interests and American sympathies (luckily the two coincide) should include, it seems to us, two major sets of policies:

First: Legislation that will make it maximally difficult for this administration and the one that follows it to put the United States into war.

Second: The removal of artificial barriers to the rights of Americans, within the bounds of established international law, to sell war supplies as well as food to the side whose victory they frankly favor.

We do not pretend to prescribe specifically on the first set of policies. Certainly measures to prevent the government domination of radio, the press, and motion pictures are essential in this connection. The power of the government to maneuver the nation into a war without a direct and unequivocal decision by the people who would fight the war must be

carefully circumscribed. But that need not block the flow of legal trade and the exercise of our economic leverage.

Each of these sets of policies will act as a brake on the other. Together they will constitute a realistic attitude, expressing the American people's candid moral partisanship in a war whose outcome, whether we like it or not, must affect the future of the civilization within which we live.



Clergymen, Stalin Style

Recently some 400 Stalinist fellow-travelers issued a document denying the "fantastic falsehood" that the Russian dictatorship and the Nazi-fascist dictatorship "are basically alike." Comrade Stalin hastened to provide a footnote to the manifesto of the American innocents by announcing his political and economic betrothal to the handsome Adolf; but let that pass for the moment. We direct attention instead to the fact that eighth place in a list of ten Soviet achievements is given to the claim that "it has replaced the myths and superstitions of old Russia with the truths and techniques of experimental science. . . ." Translated

into more candid English this mealy-mouthed statement is a boast that the Kremlin has conquered religion. Any doubt on this meaning is dissipated by supplementary material provided to the signers of the document but not released to the press. Point 8, it is explained, refers to the fact that

In every sphere of activity and in every part of the country scientific truths and procedures are replacing the superstitions of old-time religion. . . .

Now Americans have a perfect right to applaud the suppression of religion in Russia or anywhere else. What makes this portion of the document remarkable, however, is that among the 400 signers are a number of *clergymen*. Public approval by clergymen of the outlawing of God on one-sixth of the world's surface is a phenomenon that should not go unnoted. There may be other men of God among the signers; those easily identified are Rev. Otis G. Jackson, Rev. Thomas L. Harris, Rev. Dr. Harry F. Ward.

We record the fact here merely as a contribution to the annals of imbecility. Beyond that we leave it to the reverend gentlemen to straighten the matter out with their own consciences. — E.L.

AMERICANA

ARIZONA

THE Williams *News* records heroic doings when the car began to skid:

Dr. Rounseville got Mrs. George Rounseville out of the car, cranked her up, turned on the low speed juice, but nothing doing. Only the wheels and the mud moved. Dr. cranked again and all of a sudden the wagon made a dive for the side of the bridge and a fourteen-foot drop. With the splendid coolness and steady nerve for which he is noted, Dr. Rounseville turned to his family, bade them not to fear, turned the other way and equally assured himself the fears of the women and children had been quieted, coolly reversed the gear and stopped the machine just as the near tire was half way over the edge.

CALIFORNIA

THE Hollywood art correspondent of the *Daily Worker* spits on his hands and chronicles the reception accorded the song *Mr. Roosevelt, Won't You Please Run Again?*, the latest item to catch the favor of the Hollywood big-money proletariat:

It stopped the show. It got an encore. It got two encores. It not only stopped the show but the encores stopped each other. The audience applauded in the middle of them. You couldn't hear the words. You couldn't hear the music. But it was unquestionably one of those moments when a thing is happening.

THE Sunkist State gets some unsolicited publicity in the *Saturday Evening Post*, issue of July 29:

His great aim was to escape from civilization, and as soon as he had money he went to Southern California.

FEMINISM graduates to a higher plane, shown in a contribution to the *Los Angeles Times*:

Never probably has there been so strong a belief as now in the imminent return to earth of Christ, but I notice that all those who refer to it assume that Christ will return as a man. We must not, however, be surprised if Christ should come as a woman. . . . More and more every year, in view of the rapid advancement of woman, the stage is being set for a great woman teacher and healer, and because woman, who was named last in the ascending order of creation, represents the higher nature of spiritual man, we may look for a higher demonstration of spiritual power than even that of Christ Jesus himself — a demonstration which will usher in the Comforter, even the spirit of Truth, who "will guide us into all truth", and thus enable man to regain his true and perfect spiritual selfhood.

INDIANA

ANOTHER triumph for the biological sciences is recorded by DePauw University, in its current catalogue:

From the seed of five students and one instructor in a rented building a modern university has grown, progressive but treasuring a heritage rich in service to state, church and alumni.

IOWA

INSIDE stuff on aviation by a staff writer of the Des Moines *Register*:

In a million miles of flying many things can and do happen. To fly an airplane the year 'round without accident requires a good deal of caution on what to do and not to do, when to go and when not to go, where to fly and where not to fly.

KENTUCKY

A CANDIDATE for office presents the voters of Monroe County with a short course in political science, through the Tompkinsville *News*:

A rumor has been put out in some sections of the county that I have or will withdraw in my race for Representative.

I WILL NOT WITHDRAW — I AM IN THE RACE TO THE END. I would not have filed for the office if I had not been aiming to run through. If on election day you hear I have withdrawn, vote for me that much harder. *If you hear I am dead, vote for me that much harder. These reports are put out by my enemies to defeat me.*

MISSISSIPPI

THEOLOGY is simplified for the farm folk of Pontotoc and roundabout, in a pamphlet by Elder W. T. Stegall titled:

The Synchronism and Inseparableness
of

Regeneration and Faith

by

The Sovereign Wisdom and Power of
God

VERSUS

The Synergism of Arminianism and
Pelagianism
and

Ultraistic Antimeans Calvinism

MISSOURI

NEW high in candor set by a valiant citizen of St. Louis in the *Neighborhood News*:

MAN 36 — Undependable, shiftless, none too honest, wants job; anything with short hours, big pay; references unsatisfactory. I don't want to work, but have to.

DRAMA in two acts, from the Kansas City *Star*:

NOT responsible for debts contracted by Jewell Peterson. Jack Peterson, 6224 East 16th.

* * *

CORRECTING Sunday's Personal — Am and always was responsible for my wife's debts. Jack Peterson, 6224 East 16th.

NEW YORK

A POINTER on the care of infants is offered in the letter column of Comrade Stalin's *Daily Worker*:

I am a proud mother of a baby girl, seven months old. She is an active, happy, and very normal baby in every respect. The care I have been offering the child has been, if I may say, in-

telligent, because I have been connected with the Communist Party for some years.

OKLAHOMA

THE Pawnee *Courier-Dispatch*, in the home town of Pawnee Bill, Indian scout, tackles the job of educating the Indians:

We wonder why Indians buy Bay Rum, Rubbing Alcohol, Extracts, Carbolio Acid, mustard oil, and other highpowered drinkables, when they can just as easily buy the more wholesome drink — such as a fair grade of whisky and a good brand of beer at a lesser price?

RHODE ISLAND

DR. HENRY M. WRISTON, president of Brown University, tackles the Youth Problem:

No one in his right mind wants to abuse the youth of today, but we are more in danger of killing them by mistaken kindness than by overwork.

TENNESSEE

COURT scribes of King Cotton chronicle certain pertinent facts for posterity, in the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*:

WHAT IS COTTON?

Cotton is the overcoat of a seed that is planted and grown in the Southern states to keep the producer broke and the buyer crazy. The fiber varies in color and weight and the man who can guess nearest the length of a fiber is called a cotton man by the public, a

fool by the farmer and a poor business man by his creditors.

The price of cotton is fixed in New York and goes up when you have sold and down when you have bought. A buyer working for a group of mills was sent to New York to watch the cotton market and after a few days of deliberation wired his firm: "Some think it will go up, some think it will go down. I do too. Whatever you do will be wrong. Act at once."

Cotton is planted in the Spring, mortgaged in the Summer, and left in the field in the Winter.

VIRGINIA

REVOLUTION and counter-revolution come to Galax, and are duly recorded in the *Roanoke Times*:

The resignation of the entire Galax volunteer fire department was unanimously accepted by the town council. . . . The firemen resigned because softball games interfered with a carnival given by the department earlier this month.

WASHINGTON

THE historical researches of the Northwest are enriched through the philanthropy of a local patriot, as chronicled in a letter to the *Tacoma News-Tribune*:

Now that Henry has passed beyond the veil of hidden mystery, I think he would be pleased if he knew his wife, Netty, had presented the old shaving mugs with the names of his old customers printed on them to the State Historical Society.

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for *Americana*. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.)

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Myths About Snakes

IN THAT mazy and interminable work of Oriental piety, the Mahabharata, it is set down that serpents produce out of their mouths the fleecy clouds which supply water for the refreshment of the creator gods. Saint Augustine believed that snakes were embodied devils, sent by Satan for purposes of temptation and other wily maleficence. In primitive Hungary, says Count Geza Kunn, it was the general belief that all snakes concealed, under their forked, flickering tongues, precious stones of fabulous value; and in early Scandinavia it was the theory that the serpents were nothing less than incarnations of the awesome Odin himself.

What is interesting about these myths is not the fact that they once were prevalent — for men's Nature-lore, in the cradle days of the race, was understandably a blend of theology and wishfulness and superstitious terror — but that they have been succeeded by other serpent-myths, scarcely less fantastic, which have survived the

constant growth of civilization and skepticism and are today flourishing, co-existently with television, Vitamin B, and trans-Atlantic air travel, in a state of undiminished vigor. As his sophistication has waxed, man has shed a myriad of his old naïve beliefs about the physical sciences and about his gods and about the planet which he inhabits; but in the matter of serpents he remains as credulous and fanciful as his remote forbears.

There is the myth, for instance, about the speed at which snakes move. The speed of the reptiles, several hundred thousand contemporaneous citizens of the United States are willing and eager to attest, is prodigious and terrifying. There are tales of men who have run and stumbled and panted and even dropped dead in their efforts to escape from their deadly sinuous pursuers. There are eye-witnesses of these things; there are men who have actually taken part in these ghastly races; there are names and dates and places gladly furnished. It has always been so, ever since the

days of Pliny. But it remains true today, even as then, that the locomotion of snakes is singularly slow.

About three miles per hour is a goodly gait.

There are a few varieties of serpent — the ones that naturalists call masticophis — which occasionally, in a brief burst of speed, and in an exceptionally favorable terrain, can attain the speed of a running man. But they are an entirely harmless kind of beast, and not very common, and if they have ever chased a man it can have been from no other motive than exceptional curiosity. The venomous snakes of our American Northeast, where most of the hair-raising pursuits are commonly reported, are not very agile of movement; also, as it happens, they make a practise of never chasing their prey at all.

The snake which travels at a dreadful speed belongs in the same category with the ancient Persian snake that was alleged to retire at night to a secret lake of ambrosia. But not even in this present day, when every Sunday newspaper bulges with "Science," is man apparently willing to relegate it there.

The story of the *hoop-snake* is old, stoutly bulwarked, and tends to vary in different parts of the country. Sometimes the sole distinguishing mark of this singular

reptile is its habit of seizing its tail in its mouth and rolling hoop-wise. As a rule, however, it is also represented as having at the end of its tail a sharp and deadly stinger wherewith it can inflict a wound even more promptly fatal than the bite of the rattlesnake. Eminent citizens, whose probity in ordinary matters could not possibly be questioned, have told tales of hoop snakes failing to strike their intended victims and plunging their stingers into nearby tree-trunks with such force as to be unable to free themselves. It is the customary climax of these tales that the tree, thus stung, has swollen prodigiously from the infection, then slowly sickened and expired. Accounts of the hoop-snake are innumerable. They are told by hard-headed farmers and bankers and dentists and housewives — the same people who laugh uproariously at the whimsical religious notions of their forbears and who pride themselves on a brisk twentieth-century modernity of mind.

The hoop-snake is as pure an invention as the griffon, and as scientifically impossible a beast as those salamanders which were mediævally supposed to live in the fire. But today the hoop snake is quite as real to millions of Americans as Jack Benny or the Federal Reserve.

Farmers, in these days, are hardly the rustics they were. It is a long time since Uncle Josh has worn a goatee and interlarded his conversation with "I swans." He listens, today, to the Farm and Home Hour on his radio, and tills his land with a tractor. But he has not parted with the *milk-snake* — he could as readily part with his farm itself. The milk-snake (occasionally known locally by the additional and terrifying name of checkered adder) is that villainous and subtle serpent which steals the milk from the cows. While the cattle wait, fat-teated, for the milking time to come, the milk-snake glides silently through the meadow grass, and, lifting its beady-eyed head, seizes upon a milky nipple. Pint after pint slips down its sinuous gullet, and when the farmer arrives to do his milking he finds one or more of his cows already milked and dry.

Farmers have repeatedly "seen" the milk-snake actually at its work; they have observed its stealthy approach through the grass, its lifted head, its firm but gentle grip upon the udder. It does not make any difference that snakes are anatomically incapable of such a performance; that specimens of the snake (*Lampropeltis triangulum*) display a violent antipathy to milk

which has been offered them in captivity; that all the naturalists of all the world, although eager to see the milk-snatcher at work, have never yet succeeded in doing so. The milk-snake lives on, in the convictions of virtually every farmer, as cow-robber extraordinary. He is as real a part of today's farm-faith as warlocks mediievally were.

II

A great many millions of Americans, who could hardly be induced by any possible exhortations to fight fascism or communism or militant atheism, are prepared to do battle valiantly for their profound conviction that when a female snake is surprised or attacked in company with its young, it seizes the infants in its jaws and swallows them, to disgorge them later when the danger has passed. There is no more rock-bottom article of faith in America than this one; it is an integral part, as it were, of the constitutional folklore, and will not be surrendered.

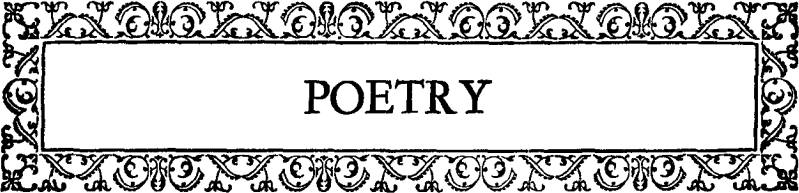
Naturalists have known for a great many years now that snakes are almost totally lacking in that maternal instinct which prevails in most other realms of Nature; they have known for centuries that the digestive juices of snakes are ex-

ceptionally powerful, and that a swallowed infant in its mother's alimentary canal would be reduced to well-digested pulp in an exceedingly short span of time; they have known, ever since the first family of serpents was introduced into the first zoological garden, that no captive mother has ever been seen to perform the alleged litter-swallowing, whatever steps might be taken to terrify her and her brood. Naturalists have not been backward in publishing their findings in scientific journals. That, however, has not impaired the legend at all. Modern Americans have learned to mistrust the official pronouncements of the Tokyo Foreign Office and to exhibit a certain skepticism when Neville Chamberlain opens his mouth, but it has not been possible to remove, or even seriously jar, their certainty that parent snakes, when frightened, temporarily engulf their young.

It is not possible to chronicle all the snake-myths that persist and render our present day popular herpetology hardly less fantastic than Ptolemy's. There is the myth about the *coachwhip-snake*, an actual serpent of unusually attenuated slimness (*Masticophis flagellum*), which is believed from coast to coast to whip rattlesnakes to death, and also to have the ugly

habit of entwining itself around a human victim's legs and hurling him to the ground. There is the myth about the marital devotion of snakes, which alleges that if a snake be killed its mate will seek out the cadaver, lie beside it, and if possible inflict deadly injury on the human being responsible for the killing. There is the myth that all green snakes are poisonous; that snakes possess powers of hypnosis, and are given to hypnotizing small birds by fixing them with a stony stare; that a slain snake's tail will live until sundown; that constricting snakes coil themselves about the necks of people and choke them to death. . . . Fish stories are nothing at all compared to snake stories.

The reason for the wide persistence of snake-myths, in an age that prides itself upon tough mindedness and devotion to Fact and faith in Science, is not easy to guess. Possibly — so an erudite herpetologist has suggested — it arises from the supernatural role of the Biblical serpent in our traditional Christianity, and from our consequent reluctance to look upon snakes with quite the same bald matter-of-factness as other creatures. This may be so. It is, at any rate, an ingenious explanation of one of the oddest sets of persistent popular delusions of our day.



POETRY

OCTOBER NOON

BY RALPH FRIEDRICH

THE meadow languishes in light.
The hill is lifted sunward in the noon.
Cloud-caravels go over, slow and white.
Eastward, a narrow moon

Is anchored in a shoreless sea.
The hour, suspended in enchantment now,
Holds something of a lucid mystery.
The red leaf on the bough

Prepares for flight. The ivy glows
Upon the oak, and birches stand aware
Of rumors of their imminent repose,
Of frost upon the air.

THE OTHER PROPHET

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

MANY have marvelled how, in spite of all
The rain and sleet adversity can shower,
The snowdrop blossoms at the heart of dark,
The snowdrop in her little gown of white
Waking when all her sisters are asleep
And singing to herself her dream of April.

But less have marvelled when the serried leaves
Drowse all too-prosperous in the blazing sun,
When the wild rose lies mummied with the moth,

And turf is iron, rusted with dead clover,
 How the lone poppy contrives to keep her cool
 Spiritual poise, her sensitive awareness —
 How her wings tremble even at dead of calm,
 Vibrating to the piling armaments
 Of far-off thunder; and fearless for herself,
 Yet quietly protesting, she foretells
 The havoc that will ruin through the world.

RAIN IN URUAPAN, MEXICO

BY CLIFFORD GESSLER

RAIN slants down into the gardens, where the mangoes hang heavy on the stem;
 pools in the plaza reflect the tall fresnos in mirrors shattered by whirling drops.
 The Singing River chatters over its stones; the mountain wears a rebozo of blue-white mist.

Don Simplicio wraps his sarape closer about him as the chill strikes down from the dove-gray leaning sky,
 knees up, feet flat-planted on flagstones, liquid eyes gazing beyond the distractions of this life:

Don Simplicio has time for contemplation.

All day the masked dancers have trampled the dust of the patio, beating upon the doors of the earth for answer;
 the oxen have marched, garlanded with flowers and bread, heavy with ripe grain;
 the girls in bright gowns have twirled slowly, balancing on graceful heads the lacquered gourds piled high with fruit;
 and the showered grains of corn rattled over the heads of dancers and watchers in the ancient rite of the gods of earth and rain.

Now the oval pointed drops burrow down into the red volcanic earth, embracing the rootlets, flowing into the open mouths of the small stone images buried in the fields.
 The saints of the white and the brown man have answered:
 the rains come.

THE LIBRARY

Stalin, Autocrat of All the Russias

BY EUGENE LYONS

THE swastika fluttered beside the hammer-and-sickle in Moscow at the end of August, as Bolshevik Premier Molotov and Nazi Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop signed a pact of friendship between Brown Bolshevism and Red Fascism. In the preceding years, nearly all the "Old Guard" Bolsheviks had confessed to divers crimes against the revolution. The establishment of the Moscow-Berlin double-cross axis was, in a sense, Stalin's confession. But where the other self-confessed traitors to the original communist cause went to their deaths, Stalin seems destined to go to even greater power. He has placated Germany, strengthened his hand against Japan, and put himself in a position to stay out of war until the others have bled themselves to exhaustion. He looms as the possible arbiter of the fate of Europe and Asia in the next few years. More than ever this man merits the world's close scrutiny.

In comparing Joseph Stalin with

other current dictators, one significant difference is usually overlooked. Mussolini and Hitler, Kemal Ataturk and Chiang Kai-shek led mass revolts and conquered power with their own hands. But Stalin merely took over, by patient, sly, and ruthless maneuvering, the power conquered by others. He did not lead the Russian Revolution — he hi-jacked it. A respected chronicler of the early stage of the revolution, N. Sukhanov, recorded that Stalin impressed him "as a colorless personage acting sometimes in a dull and evasive way; in fact there is little more to say about him." And as late as 1925, when the dark-visaged Georgian already had most of the reins of personal despotism clutched in his hairy fists, an active Bolshevik put to Trotsky the question: "Who is Stalin?"

Today this Stalin is unquestionably the most powerful individual alive, one of the most absolutist of autocrats in all human history. His knout is the only gov-

ernment, the only system, the only religion on one-sixth of the habitable surface of this globe. Through control of a subsidized "International" his word is law for millions of men and women beyond the frontiers of his own vast country. And because his slave-state is decked in "socialist" phrases and idealistic pretensions, he exerts an immense moral authority over millions more not directly subject to his knout and his discipline. But still the question remains: "Who is Stalin?"

The closest that anyone has as yet come to providing an answer is embodied in a thick volume by a Frenchman of Russian descent, Boris Souvarine, entitled *Stalin, A Critical Survey of Bolshevism*, just made available to the English-speaking world in an excellent translation by C. L. R. James.¹ A history of Bolshevism, a summation of the Russian Revolution, it still justifies its title. The fascinating, and in many ways horrifying, career of Djughashvili, self-styled Stalin, emerges from the complicated story more consistently, more understandably, than in any other record extant. We see the Asiatic peasant boy, mediocre in mind but endlessly ambitious, grow into the

obscure underground revolutionary, short on knowledge but long on action, translating Western social thought into mystical Oriental dogma. We watch him moving shadow-like among the giant events after the collapse of the putrid Russian monarchy. Then we follow, step by step, his slow and relentless capture of the revolution wrought by others, until he achieves, in Souvarine's words, "the crystallization of a personal power that has the characteristics at once of Tsarism, Bonapartism, and Fascism, with Oriental methods and American pretensions."

Because the outside world, and in lesser measure Russia itself, became aware of this accomplished fact rather suddenly, the feeling persists that Stalin seized control abruptly. The exact opposite is true. He built his edifice of domination with tantalizing deliberateness, brick upon brick, so slowly that few saw it rise or discerned the pattern of its architecture. Lenin was among those few. "Comrade Stalin, having become General Secretary, has concentrated an enormous power in his hands," he warned in his celebrated *Testament*, adding, "and I am not sure that he always knows how to use that power with sufficient caution." The warning was too late. Stalin

¹ *Stalin, A Critical Survey of Bolshevism*, by Boris Souvarine. \$4.50. Alliance Book Corp.; Longmans, Green.

was by that time strong enough to suppress the *Testament*. Even Leon Trotsky, though he is lavish with explanations on the subject, failed to recognize the direction of Stalin's slow-motion scheming while it was still possible to act against it decisively.

Other leaders were so little aware of the implications of the wily Georgian's patient and painstaking methods that they pitched in enthusiastically to help him — and to seal their own doom. "Stalin had begun a secret and unprecedented task in the Secretariat of the Party," Souvarine records of the early years. "One by one he rearranged the personnel of the machine, on mysterious considerations known only to himself." Chapters later, having traced the multitudinous intrigues at which the rising dictator was past master, the author is able to sum up: "In five years Stalin realized by inches his *coup d'état*. He, the cleverest if not the best of all the aspirants, held Lenin's inheritance."

What that inheritance amounted to and how Stalin proceeded to squander it provide the substance of this remarkable volume. Already Souvarine's book (available in French and other languages for a number of years, but brought up to date in the belated English edi-

tion) is a classic for those especially interested in the Russian Revolution. Its importance, I am convinced, will grow as the pathetic self-delusions and symbolic qualities of that revolution fade in the perspective of time. That process of disillusionment, of course, has been speeded up immensely by the recent political and economic partnership announced by Moscow and Berlin. No one who has not read Souvarine carefully, it seems to me, has any moral right to discuss Russian affairs.

II

One thing Souvarine makes overwhelmingly clear is that Bolshevism has little in common with the socialist ideas whose nomenclature is imported from Western Europe. Bolshevism is as specifically Russian, Asiatic, Byzantine as the whole of Russian history. Not in Marx and Engels do we find the roots of this noxious growth, but in Genghis Khan, Ivan the Terrible, and Peter the Great; in the distorted minds of Nechayev and Bakunin, in the mystic self-torture of myriad Russian religious sects, and the mystic consecration of Russian terrorists. In Europe the socialist dream was an aspect of nineteenth century humanitarian

movements. In Russia, insulated from that epoch, feudalistic to its marrow, the forms of Marxist thought were taken over, but its ethical and humanist substance remained on the other side of the frontier. Of Marxism it retained the "straw of words" while losing the "grain of reality." The Bolsheviks remained, as Prof. Masaryk once put it, "children of Tsarism. . . . They have succeeded in suppressing the Tsar, but they have not suppressed Tsarism. They still wear the Tsarist uniform, albeit inside out. . . ."

Stalin is the supreme personification of that over-simplified, irrational, mystical "socialism." He was born and raised amidst the "medieval agglomeration of Western Asia, with its manifold religions and national superstitions, in a backward society." He never had to reconcile rationality with the imported Marxist faith, since rational thought was never a part of his equipment. In the ancient Asiatic tradition of divinely inspired hero-leaders, he never even bothered with the illusions of mass movements. Above all, he never needed to overcome any ethical aversion to blood-letting. The strange Western concepts of the value and dignity of human life were, and remain, a foreign language to him.

Even before Lenin's death the Russian "socialism" became a tragic caricature of the European dream. Naked force took the place of the co-operative self-rule envisioned by the philosophers of the idea. The collectivism of a prison was imposed under the labels of a co-operative society. Maxim Gorky, still clear-eyed, wrote in 1917, "The revolution has overthrown the monarchy. . . . But perhaps it has only forced the external malady deeper into the organism." Rosa Luxembourg, a German communist, watching the Soviet nightmare unfold, wrote in 1918 that "The remedy invented by Lenin and Trotsky, the general suppression of democracy, is worse than the evil it was supposed to cure." Socialist leaders throughout the Western world, including American leaders, hastened to disavow the Slavic caricature. Only the ignorant, the emotionally unbalanced, the desperately eager to believe, embraced Bolshevism outside Russia — embraced it the more desperately, the more blindly, the farther it moved from the original idea.

Historically it has been Stalin's role to twist the idea into its very opposite. Nothing remains but the "straw of words." The state owns all economy — but it also owns all

its population. One must go back to the Helots of ancient Greece for a parallel to the social position of the workers. Industry is socialized, but the individual industrial worker is infinitely more helpless than a worker in the most backward dog-eat-dog capitalist factory. Agriculture is "collectivized," but the individual peasant is simply a serf on government estates, bound to the soil even as under feudalism. Our sharecroppers are free men by contrast. Under the misleading titles and pretenses is the reality of a small class of bureaucrats wielding all power, appropriating the products of the labor of the masses, enforcing their will on the one hand by terror through the secret police and the army, on the other hand by propaganda through a monopoly of education, the press, radio, and all other avenues of approach to the mind.

The final chapter of Souvarine's great book, added for the English edition, is titled "The Counter-Revolution." I challenge any honest American sympathizer with the Stalinist regime to read it with an open mind and remain unshaken. Souvarine merely summarizes the fantastic carnage of men and of ideas that has been carried through by the omnipotent Stalin in the last few years. Nothing, literally

nothing but hollow words, remains of the revolution. Russia is back in the deep muds of its ancient rut — a slave people without strength or courage to groan aloud, under the ruthless heels of a hierarchy of masters; and the masters themselves little more than slaves, wallowing in blood and power while they wait for their inevitable turn before the firing squad.

III

I was in Moscow when Stalin's fiftieth birthday was celebrated. The spiritual nausea aroused in me by the spectacle of an entire nation prostrating itself before the Ineffable Leader, the Greatest of the Great, the Genius-Father-Teacher Stalin, can never be obliterated. It seemed a nightmare finish to the dream of equal men in a free society. That birthday marked the final victory of Stalin over the revolution. Next December twenty-first the dictator will reach the age of 60. Whether the day will again be made the occasion for some supremely shameful national prostration depends on whether Stalin thinks it desirable. But it is difficult to imagine how his sycophants at home and abroad can humiliate themselves, and humankind, any more deeply than they have done

as a matter of routine in the intervening ten years.

Souvarine points out that if Lenin was sanctified after his death, Stalin has been deified in life. Bukharin, who privately had called him an idiot, publicly said of Stalin, "We all wish to touch him, to feel the force of that powerful mind." The second-highest peak in the Pamir Mountains is named after Lenin; the highest — after Stalin. A dozen cities, hundreds of factories and institutions, canals and railroads, are named for him. His images, in stone, bronze, lithograph, gold, and silver fill the land. Knowing that he is tortured by his sense of intellectual inferiority, the careerists compare him to Goethe and Aristotle.

In the futile and desperate hope of making this superman version stick, Stalin has banned all books that, in telling the obvious truths about the events before and after the Russian Revolution, unwittingly emphasize his own obscurity at the time. He has destroyed archive materials that might throw a true light on his beginnings and on his minor part in the revolution he has hi-jacked. More important, of the men and women closest to that drama, only Trotsky remains, and Trotsky is too concerned with saving face for the Bolshevik revo-

lution to examine it objectively. There will be no memoirs written to show up Stalin by Zinoviev or Kamenev or other outstanding Bolsheviks — Stalin has had them all shot.

Yet the truth cannot be wholly suppressed. Enough of it is gathered into the pages of Souvarine's book alone to blast the compulsory legend about Stalin fashioned in the great prison camp called Russia and industriously garnished by deluded men and women outside.

In the decade of absolute power enjoyed by Stalin, more lives have been snuffed out by man-made famine and official terror, by epidemic disease in concentration places and in exile, by undernourishment and overwork, than in four and a half years of the World War. More horrible still, what was a noble ideal has been drowned in blood, turned into a mockery. In the moral collapse that followed the World War, the Russian phantasmagoria of cruelty and death is the largest element. Fascism and Nazism are its offspring, and it has in turn borrowed from its imbecile children. There can be no hope for humanity, no rebirth of humane attitudes in this world of ours, until the Russian horror and its insane progeny elsewhere are exposed, analyzed, and disowned.

THE CHECK LIST

(Additional reviews in front advertising section)

FICTION

HENRY, KING OF FRANCE, by Heinrich Mann. \$3.00. *Knopf*. A novel of rich and careful workmanship by a first rank historical novelist. Heinrich Mann has so steeped himself in the materials of the period of the rise of Henry IV that his communication of them to his reader is as effortless as his prose is fluent. The total integration is, perhaps, less successful since he frequently pursues a tangent until the trail is all but lost, returning abruptly to his point of departure. The artful use of anecdote contributes an enlivening thread to a texture that is sometimes heavy.

FROST AND FIRE, by Elliott Merrick. \$2.50. *Scribners*. A story of Labrador, sharp as icicles and with the Jack London flavor of snowy loneliness. Jan McKenzie, youthful trapper, beats his way through the Arctic bush in a series of realistic adventures. His chase after an Indian who has stolen some food from his cabin makes as exciting a sequence about the North as has been written since Peter Freuchen. Luce, the love-interest, is less convincing but helps round out the novel.

AUTHORS IN PARADISE, by Alan Griffiths. \$2.50. *Stokes*. Albert Pawsey, whose face is "thin, pale, and a forcing ground for pimples" discovers at the age of thirty that he has psychic powers. He develops them and one day hears the voice of Dean Swift from the Beyond. At the dictation of Jonathan, insignificant Pawsey writes "The Return of Gulliver." Galloping farce in the straight-faced manner.

CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY, by Howard Fast. \$2.50. *Simon & Schuster*. A tremendous theme botched because the author chose an

easy way out: use of the first person which contributes unity and suspense but enshrouds that famous winter at Valley Forge in a fictional flimsiness.

THE LONG DREAM, by Sigrid Boo. \$2.50. *Dutton*. An inferior translation of a boring story. The adolescent sequences have a certain psychological validity but on the whole the author fails to make the petty annoyances of the neurotic heroine seem important enough.

BLACK NARCISSUS, by Rumer Godden. \$2.50. *Little Brown*. A novel about nuns who attempt to set up a convent in an environment with which they are unable to cope. The difficult task of tracing the disintegration which the prayers of the nuns cannot halt is subtly done.

ONLY THE YOUNG, by Elliott Arnold. \$2.50. *Henry Holt*. Sober, sensitive story about a novelist-reporter who isn't hard-boiled. Mr. Arnold's hero remains undefined and impalpable while his minor characters run to type: Earl the devout communist who finally dies in Spain; Roy, son of a once-wealthy family who turns to screwball fascism; Dyer, discarded by industry and deserted by his wife, who commits suicide; Joe Lennox, potentially significant writer who dies of tb remarking, "This is one stinking world, my friend and I for one am damned glad to get out of it." Margaret, the reporter's girl friend, never emerges from the shadowland of choppy dialogue in which she is formed. The writing is at its clearest when it sticks closely to reportage. An execution scene and a rapid trip through Europe under the axe stand out strikingly in contrast to the character delineation.

DAYS BEFORE LENT, by Hamilton Basso. \$2.50. *Scribners*. Carries a number of purposeful characters through six eventful days. The setting is New Orleans during the Mardi Gras and the conversation is modern and pedantic. The easy device of having his main character, the young doctor who has stopped an epidemic, relate the story of his life to a sympathetic listener who keeps prodding him to go on while she remains a formless name, impedes the novel. Mr. Basso's honesty and originality stand out, however, on enough pages to carry it along.

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN, by Dalton Trumbo. \$2.50. *Lippincott*. Story against war based on the homeopathic theory of *Similia similibus curantur*. A living dead man who has lost arms, legs, face, and correlated senses lies in bed for many years reflecting on his past and present. If horror in fiction could stop a war, Europe would disarm tonight. Mr. Trumbo's furious, commaless style and uncompromising imagination are hell on the nerves.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOU AND HEREDITY, by Amram Scheinfeld, assisted in the genetic sections by Dr. Morton D. Schweitzer. \$3.00. *Stokes*. Assertive popularization in the best tradition. In clear, crisp language the layman is enabled to understand exactly what is known and what is guessed at in heredity. Simple color charts help the text along. The writers' treatment of the "IQ" tests is carefully handled. Answering the question, "Why cannot science tell us something more definite about the inheritance of intelligence?" they reply: "First, because we haven't determined what we mean by 'intelligence.' The intelligence tests . . . were devised by educators chiefly for their own domain, the realm of the classroom. But academic intelligence and practical intelligence as judged in the larger world outside are not necessarily the same. Often the tasks and problems of everyday life demand mental attributes that the standard intelligence tests do not reveal. . . ." An original

study on the inheritance of musical talent is included. "Forecast" tables "whereby prospective parents can make predictions about the appearance of a future child" unfortunately give this competent book a phoney dimension, but you can skip it.

OLD GODS FALLING, by Malcolm Elwin. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. Mr. Elwin can hate magnificently and at length. A good deal of the book concerns itself with kicking the lifeless nag which was Victorian Humbug and Respectability. For the rest the author considers George Moore, "The Comedy of a Card", Robert Louis Stevenson, Andrew Lang, Rider Haggard, Arnold Bennett, "The Card of Genius" and some others. The chit-chat is more diverting than the weighted criticism.

THE ANSWER: The Jew and the World: Past, Present and Future, by Ludwig Lewisohn. \$2.00. *Liveright*. In the thunderous accents of a major prophet Dr. Lewisohn pleads with Jews to return to old-time Jewish nationalism. He castigates all totalitarianism, including communism, as repugnant to the Jewish spirit and rejects assimilationism as futile and humiliating. The Jews, he insists, must remain "a peculiar people" and follow their destiny as a separate nationality without apology. For the rest, it is weighted with mystic pluff and psychoanalytical verbiage which solve no problems although they help make the writer's program of a self-imposed ghetto sound new.

GERMANY RAMPANT. A study in Economic Militarism, by Ernest Hambloch. \$2.50. *Carrick & Evans*. Mr. Hambloch, who has spent most of his life in the British consular service, advances the theory that the German power-lust has its origin deep in the Teutonic soul. "The Nazi doctrine," he writes, "has been a coherent development of Germany's past: it is misleading to consider it merely as a hysterical outgrowth. . . . The Weimar Republic was nothing but a republican façade hiding an imperialist Reich that continued. If Hohenzollern Germany had won the 1914-18 war, it could not but have

developed into Nazism under another name. The Pan-German spirit was and remains the same." In support of this argument Mr. Hambloch adduces a series of selected quotations. The weakness of this type of briefing is, of course, its exclusiveness. To ignore those artistic and political representations of the non-military mind in Germany is to write incomplete history. On the basis of the writings of Theodore Roosevelt and other "big stick" American politicians it would not be difficult to construct a thesis showing that the American mind parallels that of Mr. Hambloch's bloody Teuton. Mr. Hambloch's insistence that Germany's *Drang nach Osten* is the keystone of its economic policy is partly vitiated by the recent consummation of the Russo-German treaties which appear to indicate that Germany may turn to the West against the British Empire instead of the Soviet Union.

EUROPE — GOING, GOING, GONE, by Count Ferdinand Czermin. \$2.75. *Greystone*. Blurb, author, and publisher all say the book is humorous. It turns out to be a wooden chortle in a tomb. "Things are easy in a country like America where they haven't got nationality problems," the Count says cutely. "Americans haven't really got an Irish problem, or an Italian one, they can just make policemen out of the ones and gangsters out of the others, and make them fight their problems out between them." Some fun, eh?

MAGIC DIALS: The Story of Radio and Television, by Lowell Thomas. Illustrated by Anton Bruehl. \$2.00. *Lee Furman*. An abbreviated outline with sugar-coating an inch thick in Lowell Thomas' best ah-ahing style. The illustrations by Mr. Bruehl are something to warm the eye.

THIS IS WAR! Everyman's Guide to Modern Warfare, by Lucien Zacharoff. \$2.50. *Sheridan House*. Mr. Zacharoff discusses the principles, weapons, and techniques of modern warfare on the basis of the selective previews in Ethiopia, Spain, South America, etc. during the past decade. To an assortment of significant facts not too well organized and

shrilly presented, the author tacks on a plea for collective security, and incidentally puts in a good word for the Moscow trials.

SMALL BEER, by Ludwig Bemelmans. \$2.50. *Viking*. A collection of the author's inimitable stories and prose sketches, pieced out by his equally inimitable drawings. As literary caviar, Bemelmans can't be beat.

THE STRANGEST PLACES, by Leonard Q. Ross. \$2.00. *Harcourt Brace*. Like the author's Hyman Kaplan stories, this collection is uneven. When it is good, though, it is supremely good — as readers of the chapter "Peep Show" in the *JUNE MERCURY* can attest. There are good laughs here.

HUNGER AND HISTORY, by E. Parmalee Prentice. \$3.00. *Harper*. Learned collection of facts on the scarcity of foods and the comestibles used in times past. But there is scarcely any information on the theme which the reader might logically expect to be treated from the title: the influence of hunger on history. The author discovers that men "like other creatures probably could not live long at any season when they could find nothing to eat" and offers consolation in the thought that "possibly the human race has found some profit in all the misery it had to endure, for if trouble can be crushing, prosperity too brings its dangers."

CRIME IS A BUSINESS, by John C. R. MacDonald. \$3.00. *Stanford U. Press*. A member of the Oakland police force for twenty-one years, in charge of the bunco detail, describes ninety-three varieties of bunco — bunco being an organized attempt to take the unwary for a financial ride. The ingenious gyp schemes rank with the juiciest *Americana*.

FOUNDATIONS OF DEMOCRACY, by T. V. Smith and Robert A. Taft. \$2.50. *Knopf*. The representative from Illinois and the senator from Ohio engage in a series of debates in what the blurb refers to as the Lincoln-Douglas tradition. Not very novel comment on the issues of the day. The Bryan-esque rhetoric is at times scarcely palatable.

THE OPEN FORUM

HOW "IMPREGNABLE" ARE WE?

SIR: Hanson W. Baldwin's microscopic enlargements of our nation's resources and armaments in the July *MERCURY*, along with his telescopic estimates of those of the anti-democratic powers, are evidently intended to restore to us that happy-go-lucky assurance of security and the habit of "peacefully napping" while the neighborhood is all ablaze. According to the Baldwin outlook there is no need to worry. Look at our limitless resources for war-making — yet these resources are still mostly in the raw and haven't so far been transformed into actual weapons of war! And, if we had these weapons have we a sufficiency of trained soldiers to use them? Again we have not! Our army of 165,000 is scattered from Alaska to Panama, from New York to the Philippines, and if we have, as he asserts, 135,000 of these in the homeland, think how divided they are among army posts! In many cases I am quite sure they are not where they ought to be; at San Diego, where we have navy, marine, and aviation investments of more than \$30,000,000, there's neither enough artillery nor artillerymen to give real battle to a second-class cruiser! And Los Angeles, with its adjacent invaluable oil-fields, is merely protected by guns of world-war vintage.

Mr. Baldwin asserts that our fleet is quite competent to protect coast cities. But a nation solely devoted to defense is always at a disadvantage; its opponents have a monopoly of initiative. And if Mr. Baldwin will figure out the lengths of our east and west coasts, including those of Canada and Alaska, he may realize what an abundance of choices for attack the enemy has. Can our fleet be at hand anywhere and everywhere along these thousands of miles? If so, it will be so scattered as to be practically ineffective. And all the more ridiculous is such a claim if we also intend to

spread our war-wings over the coasts of South America. And may I remind him that Hawaii does not lie between our shore and Japan; Pearl Harbor is as far south of us as is Mexico City, leaving plenty of room between itself and Alaska for swift passage for Japan's raiders. It would take ten to twenty thousand planes, not three or four thousand, to patrol properly such an enormous field. We are simply fooling ourselves to think that with our present or near future armaments we can successfully protect our land against the world, especially if we attempt to guard the whole western hemisphere. And one might wonder why, when enumerating the naval units of our possible opponents, Mr. Baldwin forgot to mention their submarine strength? Especially since that strength is many times ours! But, says he, they have no bases for either sub or war-plane operation in striking distance from "impregnable" America. Maybe at present. But our isolationist attitude and policy may prove, within a year or two, a splendidly generous source of supply for just such bases!

ROBERT C. McADIE

*Long Beach,
California.*

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: My article was not in any sense a discussion of the merits of political isolation. It was devoted purely to an examination of our military position. Mr. McAdie asks, "Have we the armaments?" after admitting our limitless resources for war-making. A re-reading of my article will show him the armaments that we have and those that we still need. Specific weaknesses, such as a lack of sufficient anti-aircraft guns, were pointed out, and Congress has appropriated funds to equip completely our Regular Army and a large

part of our National Guard with such items as anti-tank guns, semi-automatic rifles, gas masks, etc. Funds already provided will largely solve the problem of equipping our army with the most modern arms, but little has as yet been done, as my article specifically stated, to organize and train that army as a highly mobile, efficient, professional protective force.

I did not even suggest, in my article, that in case of war the navy should be limited to coast defense, but was any enemy so foolhardy as to attempt a major expedition in force against the continental United States, the common-sense defense would be to wait until the enemy expedition had proceeded far from home bases and then let the Lord deliver him into our hands. As to submarines, they are not a measure of naval strength, since they are, and must remain, the implement of attrition warfare, the weapon of the weaker power. They could be used against our trade routes, of course, but there is no such disparity between our submarine strength and that of other powers, as Mr. McAdie suggests. The Navy Department's most recent *Comparative Summary of Naval Data* lists 89 U. S. submarines as built, with 25 more building — a total of 114, displacing 118,375 tons (the tonnage is important, because it is indicative of the size of the submarines, and hence of their cruising radii). Britain, long mistress of the seas, has 72 built and building, totaling 72,609 tons; France, 102 built and building, totaling 96,961 tons; Italy, 133 built and building, totaling 110,690 tons; Germany, 71 built and building, totaling 31,282 tons. Russia and Japan are not included in the data because of the secrecy with which these nations shroud their naval construction, but Russia's submarine strength is believed to number from 125 to 185 submarines, mostly of small size, totaling less than 100,000 tons, while Japan is believed to have 68 submarines, totaling about 90,000 tons.

Mr. McAdie is definitely an alarmist and is obviously perturbed by the "yellow peril," as too many residents of our western coastal area are. On the other hand, many easterners view

Europe with far too much alarm. The population of the central portion of the country more usually retains some degree of objectivity and balance, some sense of proportion, some degree of sanity, a quality badly needed in the turmoil of today. It is too bad that Americans of all localities, who are all interested in the same object, the preservation of America and all that it means, allow themselves to be so easily swayed by propaganda, passion, and prejudice.

HANSON W. BALDWIN

New York City.

CROSS VS. SWASTIKA: AN EPISODE

SIR: As a supplement to the article "Hitler or Christ" in your September issue, I think you will be interested in this, perhaps the most unique document of the year in the repressed Reich, which here sees print for the first time in America. In all Catholic parts of Germany, it has been distributed in thousands of mimeographed copies, despite seizure by secret police — in many cases within churches and cathedrals themselves.

This document describes the results of an ordinance from the Culture Minister of Oldenburg to "remove all Crosses from schools," and the events which ensued. *Condensed*, it runs as follows:

The declarations [order to remove all crosses] were read in all churches. They struck like lightning. Excitement increased from day to day. Burgomasters refused to remain in office. In many places the Nazi party organization was dissolved, simply because all members resigned. Open sessions of town councils drew huge crowds. Ten days after the order a migration of lay delegates from all church communities set out for the Ministry in Oldenburg. Some were old members of the Nazi Party. At first laymen took up the cause of the Cross hesitantly, because they feared concentration camps, but with every day their courage grew. After three days there were two hundred at the Ministry. The Minister

offered a compromise which was rejected. He refused to retract the ordinance.

The *Gauleiter* [Nazi chief of the province] decided to hold a grand assembly on the subject at the Münster Hall in Cloppenburg. The great hall was full to bursting — 7000 people were there. Thousands more stood outside, hearing the proceedings in the auditorium by loudspeaker. *Gauleiter* Röver enters by the main aisle. Icy silence. As he reaches the rostrum, a hesitant clapping by the Labor Service. The auditorium is restive. Without salutation or introduction, *Gauleiter* Röver begins to speak. "My dear Münster people," he starts. "History is the best teacher . . ." He speaks a few sentences about colonies, race, industrial potatoes. A chant arises in the auditorium: "To the point! To the point! The Cross!" Then the *Gauleiter* loses his calm. He swears at the crowd and orders Storm Troops into the auditorium. He shouts: "We old Nazis let nobody call us names!" The Storm Troops march in and restore temporary order. But then the disorder swells again. Now the *Gauleiter* summons all his lung power; he tries pleading. That helps for a few minutes. But when he begins his speech all over again, the chant rises stronger than ever: "To the point! The Cross!" The *Gauleiter* continues somewhat more calmly: "When we've been together here for an hour, we'll surely understand each other." The answer of the auditorium is mocking laughter. The *Gauleiter* loses his self-control. The auditorium rocks with laughter. The *Gauleiter* changes his style and tries to defend the cross removal order by citing what he calls anti-Nazi activities. The assembly defends itself and makes further words impossible. It cries: "That has nothing to do with us. What has that to do with the Cross? To the point!" The *Gauleiter* pauses a moment in thought, and finally declares: "The order is withdrawn. The Cross remains in the schools!" The hall is in a frenzy, everyone pushes to the exits. The *Gauleiter* tries to speak — then falls exhausted on his chair. . . .

This account of the Cloppenburg meeting is followed by the official news story of the same assembly, which appeared in all German newspapers. Not a single word about the Cross in this official account, which is a fine example of the Goebbels technique:

The *Gauleiter* was welcomed with a storm of applause. The enthusiasm subsided only after many minutes. Beginning his speech, the *Gauleiter* confirmed that all Münster had completest confidence in him now as always. The applause which burst out at these words showed that the hearts of his people belong to the *Gauleiter* at all times. At the end of his speech, repeatedly interrupted by loud demonstrations of agreement and enthusiastic applause, the *Gauleiter* declared that the great tasks now facing the German people forbid our being divided by pettiness and minor matters. In the perfect roar of applause which the *Gauleiter's* speech evoked, his closing sentences were almost drowned. The *Gauleiter* fights for his people and they unflinchingly keep the faith with him.

The mimeographed sheets conclude with a courageous appeal from the famous Bishop of Münster, Clemens August, to the Catholics of Oldenburg, in words so firm that they have so far warded off both Hitler's window-breaking bully boys and Himmler's secret police.

CHARLES E. HEWITT, JR.

Westport,
Connecticut.



"SOCIAL CREDIT" IN ALBERTA

SIR: Stuart Shaw in his article "Utopia Comes to Canada," is more fairminded than most writers on Alberta, which obliges me to overcome a reluctance to dispute some of his statements. He makes it quite plain that Premier Aberhart campaigned with a corrupt version of Douglas Social Credit and I have no quarrel with his characterization of the Premier as a "demagog extraordinary." It

doesn't seem likely, however, that Aberhart began his study of financial economics with a technical work like *Credit Power and Democracy*. I have always heard that the book which started Aberhart on his political career was a popular text on Social Credit by an English actor-manager whose company was playing in Calgary.

To describe Major Douglas as "a retired Anglo-Indian official" is odd. Douglas is a power-engineer who has managed construction work in Canada, South America, and India (Westinghouse). He returned to London before the World War to follow his profession. During the War he was made Assistant Director of the Royal Aircraft Works and afterwards he founded his own yacht-construction plant.

I am more familiar than most with the "crackpot schemes for automatic prosperity hatched in the USA," and Mr. Shaw is in error in finding in them traces of Social Credit. The Townsend plan is typical of them all and it is nothing but a taxation-and-redistribution scheme based on the velocity of circulation of money fallacy — the exact opposite of Social Credit. There was no Social Credit in the "early rantings of Father Coughlin" and although later on Father Coughlin looked into Social Credit he told Senator Cutting it would take twenty years to educate people up to it. It is important to realize that Major Douglas never submitted a plan for Alberta, but confined himself to suggestions for winning the sanctions to put a plan into effect. His was a power-strategy, slow-motion in essence, and he has been much criticized by other Social Credit strategists for his "positional" warfare. Aberhart, however, gullibly followed the advice of R. J. Mager, Montreal banker, who recommended increased taxation; Mr. Shaw does not point out how financially orthodox the Aberhart administration was during its first eighteen months. Nor does he make it clear that the Prosperity Certificate experiment was not Social Credit at all, but an adaptation of Silvio Gesell's "disappearing money" scheme.

The most serious omission of Mr. Shaw's

account is the failure to mention John Hargrave's visit to Alberta in December and January 1936-37. Hargrave stopped the rout of the Social Creditors and inspired them to a fresh stand, even against Aberhart's wishes. The one place where Mr. Shaw might be accused of unfairness is his account of the "two Social Credit wizards who, having arranged for generous salaries and expense accounts," came out from England in 1937. Had Mr. Shaw stated the salaries of the "wizards," I do not think anyone would consider them excessive for two successful businessmen, L. D. Byrne of Southampton, and G. F. Powell of London, to give up their affairs and undertake a very difficult task 5000 miles from home. And I must deny that the drastic anti-bank legislation counselled by Messrs. Byrne and Powell was "obviously unconstitutional." I refer Mr. Shaw to the writings of R. Rogers Smith on the BNA Act.

Continuing my objections: although I have never seen the "Bankers' Toadies" leaflet which Mr. Shaw calls a "blood-curdling manifesto," it has always been described to me as just plain silliness. I can say quite definitely that the Goldsborough Social Credit Bill which Mr. Shaw believes "quickly found its way to the ash-can" is not thus airily disposed of. It has been introduced in the 74th, 75th, and 76th Congresses and has been given extended hearings.

Finally, the militant spirit of Social Credit which Mr. Shaw believes is waning in Canada is actually rising. In Quebec recently 1200 delegates attended a Social Credit convention and 6000 crowded into the mass meeting at its close. There is an excellent chance Quebec will vote in a Social Credit government at its next election.

GORHAM MUNSON

Washington, D. C.

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FOR A THIRD TERM

SIR: Your editorial against a third term sounds a little far-fetched in its view that a second popular mandate for the New Deal

will imperil American democracy. You seem to neglect the importance of the New Deal as a historical event, and the close association of President Roosevelt with the New Deal.

Whether so stated or not, it appears fairly obvious now that the "paramount" issue to be decided in 1940 amounts to whether the New Deal is to be carried on by its friends or by its opponents. Whatever the decision, the New Deal is going on in the sense that a change must be made in a politico-economic system which multiplies human productivity by power-machinery and obtains as a result starvation amidst plenty. Obviously, this is a wrong answer and the New Deal appears as an attempt, at least, to find the right answer. Surely we the people are not going to turn the matter over to a party now dominated, as in 1936, by a group who do not even see the need for any change. We will probably have the sense to keep in power the New Deal's best friend, its leading exponent, the democrat with a small d, who has tried, against determined opposition, to find the answer, even though there has been only partial success thus far.

RICHARD FRANCHOT

Washington, D. C.

SOJOURNERS PROTEST

SIR: The following is quoted from "Mrs. Dilling, Lady of The Red Network," in the July *MERCURY*: "Mrs. Dilling boasts with justice that her book has been recommended by . . . the National Sojourners. . . ." No opinion favorable or unfavorable of any of Mrs. Dilling's writings has been expressed by National Sojourners, Inc., which I believe to be the organization referred to.

I believe the only pretext for the alleged boast must be favorable advertising notices for *The Red Network* in the announcement of books on sale by the Book Department of our magazine *The Sojourner* which also announces *Bring 'em Back Alive* and *The Barbary Coast*.

Will you please give publicity to this communication which is not intended to offer

either favorable or unfavorable criticism of *The Red Network*?

R. S. ABERNETHY
National President,
National Sojourners, Inc.

Hampton,
Virginia.

SEX IN NAZI GERMANY

SIR: Why is it that people, when writing about present-day Germany, just cannot stick to the truth? In the article "Sex under the Swastika" the highest Nazi authority given is Dr. Alfred Rosenberg and the authors quote from his book *Myth of the Twentieth Century*. While the first paragraph quoted is substantially correct, the Messrs. Solon and Brandt might have started with the beginning of Rosenberg's sentence and not in the middle. Rosenberg begins thus: "*Certainly monogamy is to be protected and kept as the organic cell of folkdom but, as Professor Wieth-Knudsen has already pointed out, correctly, that without temporary polygamy etc. . . .*" I submit that this makes Rosenberg at least less abrupt.

Instead of going to the trouble of making up their own phrase when they say so dramatically "His answer is a resounding NO," they might have gone on quoting Rosenberg. Here is what he says: "A coming Reich will answer no to both questions. Retaining monogamy, it will give the same esteem to mothers of German children born outside of marriage and it will know how to bring about the children's social and legal equality." It is nice of them not to give the name of the Nazi who spoke of women as "pleasure fillies" and "breeding mares." Anybody who speaks German must know that Germans (and even Nazis) do not speak like that of their mothers and wives. With regard to Dr. Dupre and Professor Bergmann, who supposedly have new ideas as to the procreation of the race, I daresay that 90 per cent of the German people don't know their names and 95 per cent of the German people don't know their theory. At any rate, no such fantastic theory has ever been tried any place.

When they write that bachelor Nazis are cluttering the press with ingenious advertisements in search of mates, they also must know — if they know Germany — that such advertisements are an old institution of the German press. At least as long as I can remember, the German press was cluttered up with marriage ads and the seekers of mates always mentioned any material goods they might possess.

Reading "Sex under the Swastika" one might also come to the conclusion that the birth of illegitimate children has skyrocketed under the Nazi reign. However, the figures give the lie to Messrs. Brandt and Solon. In 1920, 11.4 (per thousand) of all children born were illegitimate. In 1932, the figure was still 11.6 and in 1936 (with the Nazis in full power), it went down to 7.8.

NIKOLAUS WAGNER

*Brooklyn,
New York.*

SIR: As to "Sex under the Swastika" — though I will be considered first cousin to a woman who eats her young — I ask, So What? It sounds miles more sensible and honorable than the method pursued in our country. What do the writers think of the statistics of babies born to children under fourteen, in the public schools of New York City? What of our allowing imbeciles, morons, and idiots to propagate at their pleasure? And did they read the report of our Government in 1929 which stated that then, in our prosperous period, there were 6,000,000 children in this country on malnutrition diet; 2,000,000 on starvation diet? We have been so busy minding the morals of the whole world that we've had no time to face up to our own. I've seen, within the past year, children in New York City too hungry to play at recess. When I was a child there were millions sent out of this country to put pants on Patagonians, but *nothing for me, nor many like me, either for food or education.* This continual preoccupation with what goes on in other countries may be all right in some ways, but who comes out and tells the truth about our own? Believe

me we have plenty to fix right here at home, without so much arguing about what goes on far away.

Our vile attitude towards illegitimacy needs no words. As I read this article, I thought — They've got something. Many things they are doing seem more honest than our own faked attitudinising. When the State of New York supports five institutions for morons, idiots, and imbeciles, carefully protecting them from the natural diseases that might finish them off, while good children, mentally and physically, are allowed to grow up under insane conditions, it is time we looked to this sort of stupidity before getting hot and bothered about something the Germans are doing. Sorry to sound impolite, but I feel this way about it.

BELINDA JELLIFFE

*Hulets Landing,
New York.*



THE ORIGIN OF THE LINDBERGH LAW

SIR: The names of the proponents of the Lingbergh Law are lost to fame because the crime which forced it into the Federal statutes so far transcended the fame of any of the persons concerned. I claim no personal credit for the enactment of this law, and I am sure my associates do not, but the inside story of its genesis is interesting enough to be told at this late day.

I was elected president of the Chicago Association of Commerce on January 15, 1930. The underworld was on top and the power of the Federal law was openly flouted all over the country. We decided to do something about it in our community and, on February 21, 1930, the Executive Committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce authorized me to form a Citizens Committee for the Prevention and Punishment of Crime. Because I refused to tell the newspaper boys the names of the men on the committee, a bright newspaperman dubbed it "The Secret Six." This is not the story of the "Secret Six," however, and ours was not the only

group attacking the common enemy. St. Louis followed suit with the organization of a similar committee under the leadership of Walter A. Weisenberger, President of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, and with the legal aid of Cleveland A. Newton, an ex-prosecutor and Congressman.

We soon established contact and co-operation because we discovered a common problem in an inter-State commerce in kidnapping. In our very first kidnapping case, which occurred while the staff of the committee was in process of organization, the victim was taken, blindfolded, across the State line into Wisconsin. In nearly every other case, the victim was taken *out of the State*. This went on for some time before we began to realize that it was interstate commerce in crime and that Uncle Sam had some responsibility in the matter. Then we were astonished to find that there were no Federal statutes covering such crimes. Mr. Newton of the St. Louis committee drafted two bills, one for an act prohibiting the use of the mails for extortion purposes and the other for an act making kidnapping a Federal offense. They were introduced in Congress, and hearings were held at which the St. Louis and Chicago groups testified. Our evidence of mental and physical torture practiced by kidnappers upon their victims and their families was so shocking that the committee heard it in executive session. But the House Judiciary Committee, made up largely of Southern congressmen, was deeply concerned about State's Rights, and feared invasion of those rights by the Federal government. The upshot was that the committee reported against the bill. But on March 1, 1932, four days after our hearing, the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped and, under the impression of this unspeakable crime, both bills were reported out of committee and enacted into law without debate on March ninth, less than two weeks after the kidnapping.

That is the inside story of the genesis of the Lindbergh Law. Our vigilance committees were disbanded shortly afterwards, when the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed

and Uncle Sam became again the nemesis of the criminal. His agent, J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, reported on July 24, 1939, that all but two of the 156 kidnapping cases on which his agents have worked have been solved.

ROBERT ISHAM RANDOLPH

Chicago.



MORE ON FATHER COUGHLIN

SIR: I read John McCarten's article on Father Coughlin, and also the letters pro and con. I am not a Catholic, but honestly I can see nothing wrong with the Father's viewpoint. I have heard his sermons and read his discourses, and, unless I misunderstand him, he thinks as most all Americans think. He advocates Christianity and Americanism; so do we. (He criticizes communism, fascism, and Naziism; so do you and I. He wants to keep the U. S. out of foreign entanglements and wars; so do we. He would like to see labor, capital, and the Government work together as friends and neighbors; so would we. He criticizes the Jewish religion; so did Christ. He lambastes the political set-up in Washington; so do you. He believes that all governments should be influenced by and managed upon Christian principles; so should all Christians. He says that France is not blessed with a Republican form of Government; except in name, is she? He claims that England wants to be the big-boy of the world; what do you say?

E. H. Yost

*New Martinsville,
West Virginia.*



THE LIBRARY CONTROVERSY

SIR: Albert Jay Nock's article on America's too public libraries in the August issue struck me as an unfair and inaccurate account of our library problem. I feel that as part of the reading public I should present my view of the matter. It seems to me that most foreign libraries could well use a few of the free ideas from this side of the pond. I do not agree with Mr. Nock's statement that disrespect is bred

for books by our free library system. Quite the contrary, the use of a library that is free to all encourages a greater familiarity with all types of books, and leads to the development of judgment which in turn leads to a greater respect for better books. The fee system, regardless of how small or large the amount, discourages the general use of the library and must necessarily result in lesser attendance which to me does not appear to be the best thing. In my opinion, the purpose of a free library is for the entertainment and enlightenment of the greater mass of people instead of just a select few. There is no question that we do have a library problem, but I cannot see why the blame should be placed on the public.

B. SCHWARTZ

*Pulaski,
Virginia.*

SIR: Mr. Nock is certainly right when he says in "America's Too Public Libraries" that our libraries are not getting the support they need, but he seems to me absolutely wrong in his plan for meeting the situation. In the first place, users of public libraries do not get something for nothing. The large part of public library revenue is derived from taxes on real estate, and if a library patron does not contribute directly as a property owner, he does indirectly by paying rent. Why then should not everyone, whatever his reading tastes, have a right to use the library?

Mr. Nock does not find it "reasonable" that public libraries stock "all sorts of current publications, novels, children's books, periodicals, and newspapers." He wants our libraries to be for "serious readers" who use "serious books" and not for entertainment at all. In other words, he wishes libraries to pander only to the tastes of a highly educated class. But is that fair and democratic? Should an institution supported by public funds meet the needs of only a select group and ignore the wishes of the majority? A great many people who have not had the opportunity, or perhaps the ability, to get a higher education nevertheless like to read. They are not serious

students. They read for entertainment primarily and incidentally for what they may pick up in the way of information and education. But what is so wrong in that? After all, fiction — and that includes the best — is intended to entertain, whatever else it does. Does Mr. Nock want to exclude all fiction or will he leave some for his "serious" students to mull over when they write their papers on the technique of the novel? And since he does not consider children's books a reasonable part of the book stock of a public library, how does he propose to develop the reading tastes of his future "serious" readers? By the school curriculum alone? That is hardly sufficient. As for periodicals and newspapers, the main cost is in the binding, housing, and servicing so that "serious" students can later refer to the back numbers.

As a remedy for the present situation, Mr. Nock suggests that we revamp our library procedure along European lines. But if we did, it would be the serious students who would raise the first howl. Individually they use libraries most. And who accustomed to the ease of obtaining a book in American libraries would want to put up with the time-wasting red tape inherent in the European system?

EVERETT N. PETERSEN

Detroit.



CALIFORNIA JUSTICES

SIR: After reading the "Justice of the Peace Racket" in your July issue I felt a great injustice had been done JPs, by the sweeping accusations. I am not familiar with methods in other states but being a clerk in a JP's office, I know the California laws pertaining to Justices and feel sure, had you known what I know, that article would never have found a place in your magazine. All fines, criminal or motor vehicle, filing fees — in fact all moneys paid here — are sent at the close of each month with reports to the County Auditor. The only fee the JP is allowed to keep is whatever amount is paid as a marriage fee. The constables' fees are scheduled by the county, and no constable allowed to charge

more than the scheduled price. Records of all cases, criminal or civil, are docketed, indexed, and kept on file, to be referred to at any moment. These records in this office date back to 1889.

SARA S. WENTWORTH

*Banning,
California.*



MR. CHAMBERLIN PROTESTS

SIR: If Marc T. Green wished to criticize my article "Hands Off Japan," as he does in a letter in your July issue, I think he might have benefited by reading it with reasonable care and attention. Obviously he has not done so, or he could not have characterized the article as "an apology for Japan." Not only did I specifically repudiate any intention of apologizing for what I call "Japan's career of conquest"; but the whole article was devoted to an entirely different proposition: namely, that there is not the slightest reason or justification for a war between America and Japan. It is Mr. Green's privilege to think otherwise; but it seems to me that he should criticize what I actually wrote and not draw a yellow herring across the trail of Far Eastern politics by referring to fictitious "apologies for Japan."

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

*Paris,
France.*



IN BRIEF

Justified protest reaches us from Ohio State University against an AMERICANA item in our August issue. The item was drawn, in all good faith, from a faculty bulletin issued by Antioch College, which credited a ludicrously long and involved title for a thesis to Horace Champney of the Department of Psychology at Ohio State. We are now informed that the item was just spoofing. Actually Mr. Champney's dissertation was on *Measurement of Parent Behavior as Part of the Child's Environment*. A number of newspapers picked up the

AMERICANA bit and wrote solemn editorials on it, to the embarrassment of Mr. Champney and the university. Sorry. . . . Elias Ellis of Chico, California, assures us we ought to "be ashamed to print so silly and indecent an article" as the one on Buchmanism in June. We tried but couldn't work ourselves into a feeling of shame. Ernest Sutherland Bates' article, it still seems to us, was a sensible and scholarly estimate of the Oxford Group and its implications. . . . Claude DeM. Lewis, prominent in Negro life, agrees with George S. Schuyler that the communists muffed their chance to win genuine following among American Negroes. "They were woefully naïve and amateurish in their approach to the people of African descent in the USA," he writes. . . . "The finest piece of anti-war work I have ever read," is what Vincent Glynn, New Haven, Conn., thinks of the "This Is War!" compilation in our August number. Which sums up scores of other messages expressing approval of the article. . . . Our thoughts on the danger of a third term for any President, including Mr. Roosevelt, have stirred editorial echoes the country over. Some of them, need we add, full of sour notes. Among the letter-writers, opinion seems fairly well divided. There are even those who think a good President ought to be kept at his job for life. Lawyer Alfred Holman of Cincinnati, for instance: "Once we know where we're going and how to get there, I'm for perpetuating the pilot forever and aye." In fairness, he proposes plenty of safeguards to suggest for piloting the pilot. . . . Many readers, it appears, are still playing with the idea of choosing "perfect companions" for an imaginary five-year sojourn on a desert island. Mrs. Arnold Carlson of Marshalltown, Iowa, for example, would need a lot of musical instruments for her perfect company, since it would include Paderewski, Heifetz, Flagstad, along with Thomas Mann, Leonide Massine, John Kieran, Katharine Cornell, Lou Gehrig, Grant Wood, Helen Jacobs, and — delicious touch — George Rector. . . . Whom would *you* choose?

THE CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN HOLLAND CASSITY (*Are You the Suicide Type?*), for the past ten years Senior Alienist of the City of New York, is now at work on a book on suicide. FAIRFAX DOWNEY (*Molly Pitcher, Hardboiled Heroine*) is the author of numerous magazine articles and many books, including *Richard Harding Davis and Burton, Arabian Nights Adventurer*. PAUL ENGLE (*The Old Way*) lives at the University of Iowa as a lecturer on poetry; the latest of his four books of verse is *Corn*. RALPH FRIEDRICH (*October Noon*) teaches in the Cincinnati public schools; he has contributed verse to many magazines. CLIFFORD GESSLER (*Rain in Uruapan, Mexico*) is now in Mexico, on a leave of absence from the Oakland, California, *Tribune*. RAYMOND GROW (*De King Is Daid*), a graduate of Marquette University, now a free-lance writer, lives in Gary, Indiana. CRADDOCK GOINS (*Hooch and Homicide in Mississippi*), veteran newspaperman, has lived in Mississippi for the past twelve years. GEOFFREY JOHNSON (*The Other Prophet*) is a well-known English poet, lives in London, is the author of five books of verse, and has contributed to magazines in England, Canada, and the United States. MILTON S. MAYER (*The American Legion Takes Orders*) is a former Chicago newspaperman who contributes to outstanding national magazines; he is at work on a study of the history of the American Legion. STEPHEN NAFT (*Making Fools of Philatelists*) has written extensively on international affairs; he is himself a stamp collector. MAX NOMAD (*Behind the Moscow-Berlin Axis*) is the author of *Apostles of Revolution, Rebels and Renegades*, and other works. GRETTA PALMER ("Did I Do Wrong?") is a well-known newspaper woman, now writing for magazines and the radio; for a period she conducted an "Advice to Lovelorn" column. NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT (*Sense and Sensation on Latin America*), of the editorial staff of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, is the author of *The Philippines, New Birth of Freedom*, and other volumes of American politics and foreign relations. JOHN R. TUNIS (*What Price College Football?*) is an outstanding authority on American sport; he has written extensively on the subject in magazines and books. GRENVILLE VERNON (*Stars Over Broadway*) is the former dramatic critic of *The Commonwealth*. COUNTESS R. G. WALDECK (*Dictatorship of the Good Cause*) is best known for her sensational autobiography, *Prelude to the Past*, which was signed "R.G." GEORGE W. WILLIS (*Not Time, But Rhythm*) is a drummer in a dance band; this is his first published story.

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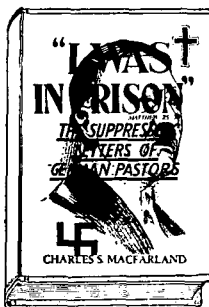
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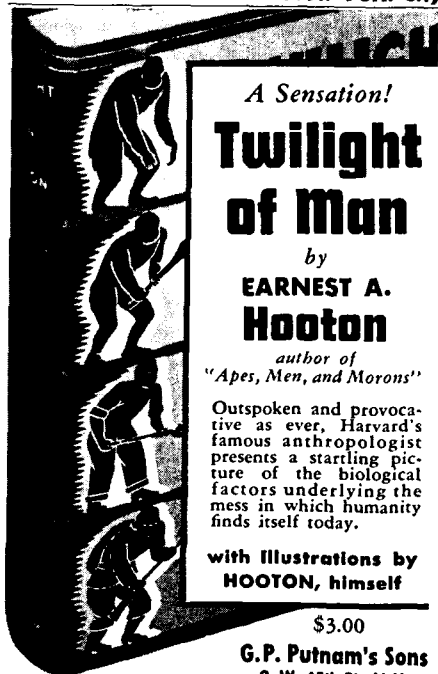
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*** *La Dame Blanche Overture, Boieldieu*: (Columbia 69599, \$1.50). One of the finest overtures in that happy French school of tuneful turbulence anticipating the emotional profundities of a race in a roller-coaster. It is played with spirit by François Ruhlmann and a reduced band from the Paris Symphony Orchestra.

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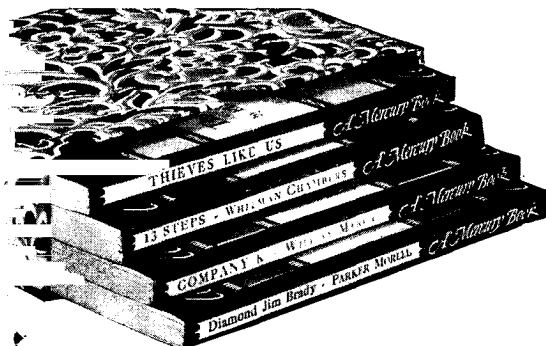
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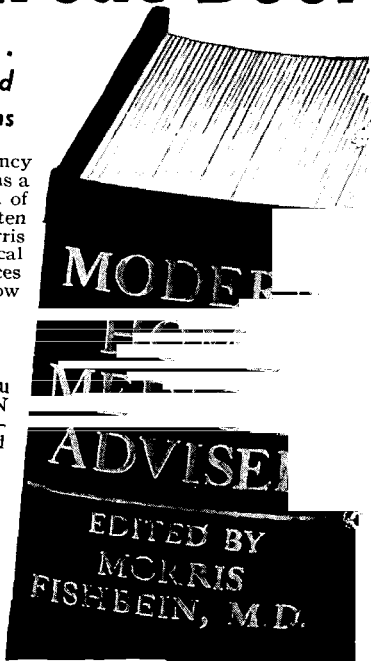
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